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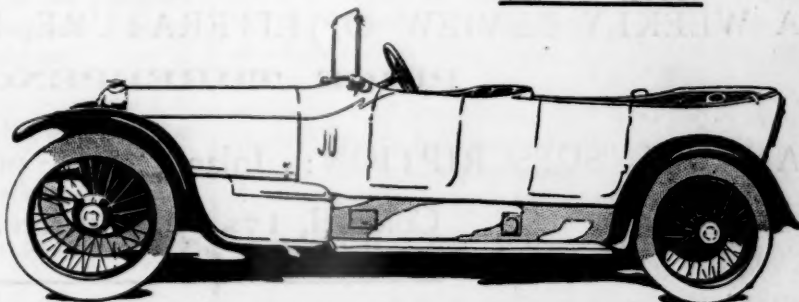
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Notes of the Week

THE inaugural lecture of Professor Wilbraham Trench at Trinity College, Dublin, on his accession to the Chair of English Literature, was entitled "An Introduction to the Study of the Renaissance," and, in its printed form, is clear in thought, forceful in style, and happy in illustration. Professor Trench began with a graceful reference to Dr. Edward Dowden, his distinguished predecessor; then, proceeding to his theme, explained most lucidly the origin and path of the great impulse which swept over Europe four or five hundred years ago. The best point in his discourse, perhaps, was the exposition of the far-reaching principle of reaction; the Renaissance, itself a reaction, presently involved or became the cause of a fresh wave, the "Romantic Revival." Thus, says Professor Trench, "the movement which started by a repudiation of the conventional actually came to be itself repudiated upon the ground of its own conventionalism." Drawing his examples from politics and literature, he pointed out that, as there was an interval of a hundred years between the "English Revolution" in 1689 and the French Revolution in 1789, so there was a similar interval between the highest period of English literature in the latter part of the sixteenth century and the corresponding period of French literature in the latter part of the seventeenth

century, and showed the causes of this in a most illuminating manner. The whole lecture, in fact, was a worthy opening to what will be undoubtedly a remarkably fine series.

It must often have happened to all readers that a particular story, or incident, or poem, which they feel certain is contained in the works of an author whose name they remember, refuses to be traced—especially if the author in question has a lengthy list of books to his credit. In the case of Mr. Kipling this predicament has occurred to us many times; he has been so prolific with short stories and those charming little sets of verses which of late have taken a page to themselves between each tale, that it is very difficult indeed, unless one has a remarkable memory, to trace them quickly. In future this minor trouble may be avoided, for Messrs. Macmillan and Co. have issued a handy and exhaustive "Kipling Index," giving a list of all the books and their contents, an alphabetical index to all the stories and poems, with the particular volume in which each is to be found, and an index to the first lines of the poems. This has been prepared "for the convenience of journalists, librarians, and booksellers" chiefly, but it will undoubtedly appeal in a large measure to the ordinary reader.

A firm friendship with an animal, or with several animals, even though they be dogs—universally known as man's especial friend—seems to infer the lack of congenial human companionship; and this was the case with Ouida, whose extravagance in this matter is well known. She was lonely, and she made the best of the temperament which condemned her to what was really a solitary life in spite of many acquaintances, by demanding affection from the lower orders of creation. Such "friendship," however, if we must give it that name, is in its nature unsatisfactory. No interchange of idea, none of that vivid play of mind upon mind, in which lies the beauty and joy of human society, is possible; the whole emotion is set on a lower plane. Friends are not easy to find, and, when found, not always true or worthy; but there can be no comparison, in spite of all Mr. Galsworthy has written, between the invigoration of a human association and the doubtless beautiful but infinitely narrower feeling which rises between man and the dumb animal.

The humorous side of a librarian's life is to be dealt with, we believe for the first time, in a book by Mr. Henry T. Coutts, President of the Library Assistants' Association, entitled "Library Jokes and Jottings." We hear that it is full of good stories about books and readers, and will be issued next week by Messrs. Grafton and Co., of Great Russell Street, W.C.

In My Garden

TELL me, thou lovely flower,
 Dream of a summer hour,
 Since here thou wilt not stay,
 Whither so swift away?
 Alas, how brief a while
 Have I beheld thy smile,
 Thy tears too fair to last,
 Thy light so soon o'ercast.
 Now, now thy petals fall,
 And must lie withered all,
 A poor abandoned heap,
 Upon the earth to sleep.

The shadows come and go
 In the soft evening glow,
 Hints of a mystery
 I welcome tenderly—
 Dreaming I understand
 How in another land,
 Whither thy soul has flown,
 Thy primal seed was sown.

GWENDOLEN TALBOT.

Ah! that White Heaven

Ah! that white Heaven that your dreams explore,
 Where never lips may meet nor arms entwine,
 Lady of Lilies, wins no praise of mine.
 I want you, soul and body, to adore:
 Your hands to hold, your hair to wander o'er,
 And love the flakes of gold that hide and shine:
 I want your voice for charm and anodyne:
 I want you—you—for ever and evermore.

It may not be. Then let the things that are
 Masters of us, yield me a little space:
 Thought, laughter, kisses: earth, and me, and
 you:
 Then let it fall, love, the dark scimitar:
 Shut the long silence in upon my face,
 And, when the grass comes, drop some tears for
 dew.

FREDERICK LANGBRIDGE.

The Camorra—Forsooth!

WE have been indisposed to believe the depth of infamy to which the secret and corrupt society which now poses as the Government of this country was capable of descending. We waited patiently for all the explanations which its members were able to produce in their own defence. We have waited even for the White Paper. It is now in our hands, and no doubt it is white in the sense that a leper is white. It is remarkable for a complete absence of attribute which belongs to wholesome mankind. As a

masterpiece of the *suggestio falsi* and the *suppressio veri* it is, we think, unsurpassed.

The present is no time for paltering, and therefore we choose to make definite charges against Mr. Churchill and Mr. Lloyd George of a seditious conspiracy to wreck the Commonwealth. If they do not like the charges, the courts of law are open to them. We are quite content to rely upon the scarcely sober utterances of Mr. Churchill at Bradford, and the ravings of Mr. Lloyd George at Huddersfield, to support our case. Any responsible statesman, if he had in a moment of aberration been guilty of such monstrous incitements to breaches of the Common Law, and incitement to bloodshed, would, on the return of sanity, have at once realised that he was unfit to take any further part in public affairs—even if he had not the wisdom to confide his personal welfare to the hands of a committee, as is usual in cases of mental deficiency.

We have a certain amount of sympathy with the poor old man who cannot be disabused of the idea that he is head of the Government and directs its policy. He has an outrageous team to control, several of whom have shown that they would stop at nothing short of homicide to get his place. These *condottiere*, bereft of every sense of political honour and decency, make sport of the honourable but weak old man who poses as head of the Government.

But, faugh! Why waste words on *canaille* such as these? To what have their followers been brought—the slavish sycophants who still desire to be called Englishmen? What are they proclaiming to-day? It is that the officers who refused to take part in a nefarious and murderous plot ought to have been shot, and private soldiers placed in their positions. We put it to some of these specimens of all that an Englishman should not be, whether they did not believe that honest and honourable men were to be found in the ranks of the Army who would refuse to do the butchers' work prescribed by corrupt and venal politicians. So far, they have offered no reply.

We have no hesitation in saying that every man in the Army and in the Navy, and, for that matter, everyone occupying any position under the State, is amply justified in refusing to continue the work of administration, whether executive or judicial, whilst the country is governed by a set of men who plot against its vital interests, and at the behest of paid and professedly alien politicians who openly boast of their disloyalty to our Constitution, and their hatred of everything which contributes to the welfare and maintenance of a State which they desire to see cast down into everlasting limbo. CECIL COWPER.

Since writing the above article, we note that it is publicly stated that Colonel Seely has seen fit to resign. We think that this act atones for much that has occurred while Colonel Seely has been head of the War Office. He will no doubt be remembered in history as the most inept, fatuous, and misleading Minister for War who has ever presided over that department. C. C.

The Power of Suggestion

BY BERNARD HOLLANDER, M.D.

IT is a popular error that suggestion is practised only by medical men and chiefly as hypnotic suggestion. As a matter of fact, everyone's life is full of suggestion. We cannot escape its influence. We are constantly influencing others, or influenced by them. The feelings of affection, esteem, awe, or fear, which those who are talking to us inspire in us, surreptitiously prepare the paths of our understanding, and our reason is often taken in a trap. Somebody's optimistic reflection can give us strength, and, on the other hand, his ill-humour can take away all our enthusiasm and energy. Some individuals seem to have a "winning way" about them, and are able to induce others to fall into their way of thinking, and to do for them what they wish done. Even the most resolute characters are influenced by suggestion. It only requires that the suggestion should be made artfully, so that the subject is not conscious of his views being modified.

The training of children is almost wholly by suggestion. Next to the parental influence, the suggestions received during school life have the greatest influence on the formation of the future character. Suggestion lies at the bottom of all forms of moral and religious teaching. It has been practised on all of us, sometimes reinforced by the application of more or less violent bodily stimuli, which help to impress the suggestion more deeply on our minds.

Some masters can give their orders and directions and see their employees flying to fulfil them; others can shout themselves hoarse and even use the whip, and still they are disobeyed. Again, some servants are so easily influenced that they serve almost any master well, while others cannot keep their position more than twenty-four hours in any one place.

The attachment of social life depends to a great extent on the degree of power of making and receiving suggestions, and the firmest friends and happiest couples in life are frequently those who are in this respect well matched. Indeed, the best example of the effects of suggestion is that of a person who has fallen in love. It is as powerful in its mental and bodily effects as hypnotism.

The measure of pleasure we get from life depends more on our suggestibility than on any other factor. Some people can be happy even in misery, and millionaires have been known to commit suicide because of some trifling misfortune. Books are often bought because of their suggestive titles; fashionable clothes are worn because of the suggestion of wealth and respectability. Certain foods, the habit of open or closed windows, and other idiosyncrasies and hobbies, often create the pleasures of comfort, or displeasures and discomforts, not because of the actual effects, but by suggestion.

There are certain classes of persons whose intellectual labours are characterised by suggestibility in a very marked degree. Poets and artists are the most con-

spicuous examples. An artist's greatness depends to some extent on his powers to create particular feelings in those who contemplate his work; and what can flatter any author more than to hear that his novel made men and women laugh or weep? And what is the object of the dramatist and actor but to suggest certain thoughts and feelings to the audience, to make them think, laugh, or cry? Although the transferred emotion may be suppressed and is usually not lasting, with a few it is sometimes strong enough to prevent their enjoying their supper and sleep that night.

Even in business, suggestion plays an important part. The best salesman is he who can dispose of goods that the purchaser had no intention to buy. The best buyer is he who can make a man part with his goods at a figure which he regrets as soon as the other leaves his presence. The art of advertising depends almost entirely on its power of suggestion.

Politics act by suggestion. Think of the extraordinary influence of a strong personality like Napoleon, Bismarck, or Gladstone. A few cleverly chosen words may suggest to a whole mass of people a political truth or untruth.

Practical psychology reveals the fact that the mind is largely subconscious, and that this subconscious mind is capable both of receiving and giving suggestions. It receives suggestions not only from external sources but from the conscious mind itself, and it gives suggestions not only from our own past experiences but the transmitted experience from our forefathers. The auto-suggestion from our sub-consciousness accounts for much self-deception. For instance, the wine which we pour out of a dusty bottle bearing the label of a celebrated vineyard always seems better than it really is; a connoisseur among smokers will let his judgment be influenced if he recognises the make of the cigar that he is smoking. Some people feel already sea-sick when the ship is lying still in the harbour.

Suggestibility is the characteristic of all human beings, but there are various methods which increase that suggestibility. The principal effect they all aim at is the fixation of attention. Men who are able in their speech and gestures to fix the attention of the lookers-on to such an extent that no other impression can enter their minds possess the power of authority, and their suggestions will be carried into action. At the same time, no man has that power unless the subject gives him the power, and gives it to him by the affection, awe, esteem, or fear, with which he regards him, and the attention he pays to him. When these conditions are fulfilled, even the strongest person in will and bodily vigour will be influenced. Even the feeblest person, if indifferent, inattentive, or mentally preoccupied, will make a bad subject.

Medical men have come to recognise that there is a psychical as well as a physical factor in all disease, and that therefore mental influences are as important as purely physical measures for the recovery of the patient. The man who can be convinced that he will get well eats better and sleeps better, and even the

action of the heart is promoted by his hopeful and contented attitude. Suggestion finds its field chiefly in the domain of functional nervous disorders, and is of immense value in the cure of neurasthenia, obsessions, drink and drug habits, loss of self-confidence and will-power, stammering, muscular tremors, headache, and neuralgia; but it may be used also advantageously for the relief of insomnia and pain incident to organic disease. By suggestion treatment we can restore the power of self-control to those who have lost it, and thus it can be utilised in the treatment of the early stages of insanity and for the moral restoration of those who, through neglect or faulty education, have fallen on evil ways.

The Naval Crisis within the Empire

THAT part of Mr. Churchill's important speech on the Naval Estimates in which he dealt at length with the position in the Pacific has attracted little attention at home. It would seem that the view prevails in England that he made out an effective case in favour of concentration in the North Sea. In the Overseas Dominions, however, which are more intimately concerned with the arguments he adduced, an altogether different note is sounded. Everywhere his contentions are challenged. In Canada the agitation against the policy of Mr. Borden has been renewed; from Australia the authoritative announcement is forthcoming that in no circumstances will the Government consent to any surrender of the principle of a local navy; while in New Zealand, the political sagacity of whose community Mr. Churchill went out of his way to extol, the Prime Minister declared that as the Pacific would one day be the storm-centre, Great Britain must have an adequate Navy in these waters, and stated his intention of asking Parliament forthwith for authorisation to build a cruiser of the *Bristol* type for the protection of the Dominion's harbours and trade routes. It is clear, then, from the hostile reception accorded Mr. Churchill's pronouncement of policy, that a crisis of serious moment within the Empire is shaping itself. The Overseas Dominions are demanding that another Naval Conference be held. It is difficult to see how this demand can be resisted. Yet, unless the Home Government is prepared to alter, or in secret justify more fully than Mr. Churchill found himself able to do in public, its policy, no good purpose can be served by an Imperial gathering such as is suggested. At present the position is one of deadlock. But the question involved so vitally affects the well-being of Empire that it presses for an early and a satisfactory settlement.

The case presented by the Dominions requires patient examination. To ascribe their attitude to inexperience in matters relating to High Policy and strategy, which in turn produces a too narrow purview,

would constitute exactly that form of superior criticism so damaging to the cause of Imperial harmony, and, moreover, would expose ourselves in a similar way to a charge of superficiality. The Admiralty attaches considerable importance to the necessity for encouraging the growth of naval sentiment in the Colonies. Mr. Churchill himself alluded with appreciation to their natural desire to see with their own eyes and have under their own control tangible evidences of the fruition of this sentiment. He believes, however, that the object may best be achieved if the Dominions provide the smaller craft together with bases, depôts, etc., that will serve, whenever necessary, the convenience of a squadron of the Imperial Navy. Having in view the Anglo-Japanese Alliance he holds that such plan makes adequate provision for the Pacific. This agreement will remain in force until 1921, and in the opinion of the First Lord of the Admiralty the reasons that led Japan to enter upon the engagement, rather than diminishing, will gather in strength as the termination of the period approaches. The benefit which Japan derives is the knowledge that Great Britain possesses a navy superior to any other in European waters and that she will allow no European fleet to depart for the Far East with hostile intent. On the other hand, the advantage which Great Britain enjoys lies in the assurance afforded by the Treaty of the maintenance of the status quo in the Far East.

Mr. Churchill rightly points out that were the British Navy to be defeated in the North Sea then nothing could save the Colonies. The whole of his arguments are based upon this obvious deduction. The question then instantly arises: Why are the Colonies reluctant to give unqualified support to the policy of concentration in the North Sea, and why are they determined to secure their own squadrons for the protection of their own waters? It is because they do not share the optimism of Mr. Churchill in regard to the position in the Pacific. Local patriotism doubtless plays its part in their decision, but the ruling motive is certainly one of apprehension. They know enough of high strategy, and repose sufficient reliance upon the efficiency of the British Navy, to realise that danger need not be feared from Europe. Also they are so placed as to be able to appreciate as well as ourselves the cordiality of the relations existing between England and the United States. It is not the United States they fear. Rather do they look towards this kindred Power for practical support in the future. By the simple process of elimination, therefore, we are led to the conclusion that Japan is the country which has stimulated their demand for British Naval strength in the Pacific.

It is evident from the trend of his remarks that Mr. Churchill cannot share the apprehension of the Overseas Dominions. It is equally evident that the case which he made out has been completely rejected by them. Whatever may be thought at home of the wisdom and moderation of the Japanese Government, and of the automatic safeguards in the Treaty of Alliance, the fact remains that Japan has built up a navy which

already dominates the Pacific. The present impoverished state of her finances does not alter that simple and significant circumstance. Moreover, her embarrassment in this direction must of sheer necessity remedy itself unless at an early date she be declared a bankrupt among the nations. Experience shows that the mere existence of a Treaty in itself offers no effective guarantee for the maintenance of peace. An Alliance such as that existing between England and Japan based solely upon the expediency of the moment, and having no reciprocal sentiment or regard to act as a binding force, is at best a precarious relationship. That we may appreciate properly the attitude of the Colonies in this matter we must put ourselves in their place, just in the same way that we ask of them that they on their part should fix their attention upon the North Sea. Naturally they expect us to realise that Japan has a navy vastly superior to that of any nation in the Pacific, vastly superior, let it be remembered, to the naval strength of Great Britain, and indeed to any conceivable combination of Powers, in Eastern seas.

This state of affairs we cannot alter, for our strength must be concentrated in home waters. In these days, when political opportunism is conducted on a grand scale, the Oversea Dominions are entitled to entertain every imaginable contingency. They may even contemplate the possibility, remote though it might be, that were Great Britain to become embarrassed in the European sphere Japan would cynically allow the Alliance to go by the board. Here it must be borne in mind that although perfect harmony may be said at present to exist between the British and Japanese Governments, the same contentment does not characterise the relations of the Japanese Government with the Anglo-Saxon communities in the Pacific. Situated far from the scene as we are in England we cannot grasp the immovable determination of these communities to maintain at all costs their white status; and, from the other side, how intense is the resentment of the Japanese people at their consequent exclusion. Conceding for the sake of argument that the interests of Japan are not identical with those of the British Empire, the same certainly cannot be said in regard to the United States. Possibly Mr. Churchill, placed as he is in high position, has some reassuring information on this aspect not available to the public.

It may be, also, that his deductions are drawn in part from intimate knowledge of the internal condition of Japan and the resultant probability that for many years to come she will be compelled to remain quiescent. All these things, however, the Dominions cannot be expected to appreciate unless they are constantly admitted to the highest Councils of the Empire. Their demand for a Conference, therefore, becomes quite intelligible. As the situation is at present, the Admiralty have failed to convince them that its policy is safe in their interests, and unless further explanation is given they will pursue their own aims in their own way with a sequel disastrous to Imperial integrity.

L. L.

REVIEWS

The Poetry of Moods

The Living Chalice, and Other Poems. By SUSAN L. MITCHELL. (Maunsell and Co. 2s. 6d. net.)

Odd Numbers. By ROBERT CALIGNOC. (G. Bell and Sons.)

Moods of the Inner Voice. By J. H. TWELLS, JUN. (Grant Richards. 3s. 6d. net.)

The Overlander and Other Verses. By WILL OGILVIE. (Fraser, Asher and Co.)

More Rhodesian Rhymes. By CULLEN GOULDSBURY. (Philpott and Collins, Bulawayo. 5s. net.)

ONE of the reasons why the greater part of modern poetry meets with so poor a public reception is that it is the poetry of moods. In saying this we certainly do not wish to disparage modern poetry, because we believe that more good poetry is being written to-day than ever before. But its small popularity is largely due to the fact that, generally speaking, poetry has abandoned the stage, the pulpit, and the political platform, and has become an almost exclusively personal expression, as though written from one friend to another. After Tennyson, such a reaction was inevitable. From the pontifical the pendulum has swung to the almost anarchical. Instead of being concerned with British foreign policy, the extremists of to-day describe their personal afflictions under the toothache and seasickness. Of course, the poetry of foreign politics was not the best poetry of its age, any more than the seasick-lovesick poetry is of our day, being only an extreme symptom of our fierce individualism; but the exaggeration may be permitted to emphasise the truth. There are still those who think that poetry's chief concern should be with foreign politics; while, on the other hand, there is a small band of modern poets who seem to think poetry is painfully circumscribed by their own skins. The first are of those who like platitudes in rhyme, and they should learn that poetry must always be intensely individual. The second are of those who think the careless expression of their commonplace emotions will be of lasting interest, and they might, for humility's sake, study the difference between great and minor poets.

Great poets think and feel so deeply that they touch the core of any experience. That core is the heart of life, common to and recognisable by us all. Minor poets only feel the surface impressions of life's emotions, recording them, as it were, literally and automatically. Hence it is only by a kind of substitution that we appreciate their poetry at all. We recognise objectively their individual moods and personal idiosyncrasies, but we know that if they were capable of deeper feeling and profounder thought they would not rest satisfied with the records of transience, but would go on, in Blake's words, "Seeking the eternal which is always present to the wise." We are at least on the right road nowadays in our insistence that poetry is an

individual expression of personal vision: not a verbal collection of impressions gained by observation, as Tennyson sometimes seemed to think; but the modern poet must see to it that he does not stop there. He must go in sympathy and sincerity until, by a natural process of growth, his work becomes, all unwittingly to him, synthetic. And this it will become, not by "the will of the flesh" (which represents the pontifical attitude), nor by the immorality of careless abandon (which represents the anarchical), but by intensity of feeling and imaginative power.

Miss Susan Mitchell provides an apt illustration of our theme. In a number of her poems she expresses emotions that are like milestones on a journey. Every grown person knows them, and has left many behind. Indeed, they are sometimes contradictory, just as moods are contradictory: just as an unformed soul trying its strength in the making of character is contradictory. At one time the heart cries, "O Earth, I will have none of thee"; at another time the same voice says, "Break down my outposts, Earth, with clash of war," and we can sympathise with both cries, or withhold our sympathy at will. But when Miss Mitchell writes a poem like "Love's Mendicant," we know she has gone down to the living fountain and made her poem what Shelley said it ought to be, "the very image of life expressed in its eternal truth." The depth of her sincerity has taken her to an emotion that is universal, because it lies at the heart of life:—

What do I want of thee?
No gift of smile or tear
Nor casual company,
But in still speech to me
Only thy heart to hear.

Others contentedly
Go lonely here and there;
I cannot pass thee by,
Love's mendicant am I
Who meet thee everywhere.

No merchandise I make;
Thou mayst not give to me
The counterfeits they take.
I claim Him for Love's sake
The Hidden One in thee.

Only one word would we see altered in that otherwise perfect poem, and that is "mendicant." He who "claims" for Love's sake is no "mendicant."

Lovers of poetry should buy this book. It is full of beautiful things. Here and there the thought is obscure, hiding in its own symbolism, but in verses like "The Living Chalice," "The Heart's Low Door," "Incompleteness," and one or two others, Miss Mitchell shows the power of sincerity.

Mr. Calignoc is also a poet of moods. If Miss Mitchell's moods are Irish, Mr. Calignoc's are characteristically English. The first half of "Odd Numbers" is satiric, and the author makes good merriment out of his critics and the foibles of his countrymen. The second half of the book is too much like a poet's rag-bag. There is good stuff in it (to retain the metaphor), for Mr. Calignoc is a poet, though insufficiently self-

castigated. We wonder how he could bring himself to put this kind of thought into this kind of verse:—

There lives but One Soul
In Existence's Whole,
"I," "Myself," and the Being That mates Them;
And These Three are One,
While man, planet, and sun,
Are subsumed in the God That relates them.

It is ludicrously unworthy of the poet of "O Sons of Men," which we wish we had space to quote in full. We give the second and fifth verses of a fine poem:—

O sons of men, O warrior-line,
Life's trodden paths are all divine,
Then do not idly say them "nay"
Who do not tread the martial way. . . .

O sons of men, one fight prepares,
One iron call, one scaling-stairs;
But yesterday the suburbs fell,
To-night we seek the citadel.

American moods are the tribute of Mr. J. H. Twells, Jun. They are not very profound, but Mr. Twells is thinking for himself, and when he has thought more he will doubtless be less prone to mix his thought with the echoes of other people's, which are always platitudes to the poet. At present he is much too prolix, being led a pretty dance by such metres as this:—

Mock, and the truth escapes you;
Seek, and you'll find a hand
Whose touch will relieve the troubles that grieve
And enable your spirit to stand

Of all the afflictions that puzzle and vex
Our mortal conditions, the strangest is sex! . . .

From Africa and Australia come the moods of the coloniser. Mr. Will Ogilvie's verses are well known. He can tell a rattling story in verse, and his sentiment is always pretty. In "The Overlander" he seems to have remembered Mr. Masfield to disadvantage, but the poems are redolent of the Bush, and the author has succeeded in his aim, which is to bring the sound and colour of distant lands within the covers of a book. "A Summer Evening," which begins,

Dusk o' the night comes down like wings;
Silent are birds that the day found blithe,
The soft low breeze of the evening-brings
The far-off chime of a hone on scythe

is perhaps the most charming in this book.

Mr. Gouldsbury does not aim as high, but he gives us clear impressions of Rhodesia. "It's a rough, tough life out here," he says in effect, and after reading his book we are content to take his word for it. Mr. Gouldsbury reciprocates in "An Open Letter," addressed to John Brown, Esq., Little Slushem, England:—

Dear Mr. Brown, I know you well,
Although I've never met you—
I spent some years in Smugdom's hell,
And never shall forget you.

Memories of a Veteran

The Church Revival: Thoughts Thereon and Reminiscences. By SABINE BARING-GOULD. (Methuen and Co. 12s. 6d. net.)

MR. BARING-GOULD is one of the latest survivors of the forlorn hope which opened the way to the great Church Revival of the Victorian era, and it is fitting that he should give the world his recollections of that stirring time. The movement produced not a few sweet singers, hymn-writers and translators of a high order, but none of them so captured the popular ear as did Mr. Baring-Gould with his ringing battle-songs "Onward, Christian Soldiers!" and "Through the Night of Doubt and Sorrow," which are now part of the general heritage of the Church. He witnessed at its zenith that old order which a noisy section of Protestants still regards with affection as the golden age of Anglicanism—the age of ruinous church fabrics, mouldy furniture and fittings, infrequent services and all-but-forgotten Sacraments; he lived through the long struggle which has culminated in the improved order with which we are familiar to-day, though bishops and statesmen might denounce it and send its confessors to prison, and mobs break through and wreck its churches and interrupt its services with blasphemings. All these things are being forgotten, not least by the more impatient of the younger men—and women—who lightly go over to the ranks of the enemy on the slightest hint that they cannot have things quite their own way; and it is to them that this veteran of earlier and sterner battles makes his appeal. The mischiefs of a century and a half of studied swamping of the Church with time-servers cannot be mended in a day, but enough has been accomplished to show what patient persistence in well-doing may effect, and he bids the waverers take heart and hold on.

Such battles as he describes cannot be fought without heat, and Mr. Baring-Gould, who was ever a fighter and wields a mordant pen, has not always chosen his words with a view to conciliating opponents. As regards the age of persecution especially, he singles out and denounces those responsible for that action (which nobody now defends) explicitly and with uncompromising frankness. History was sure to do this sooner or later—perhaps he has done it a little too soon, having regard to the fact that there are many living to whom his judgments will give acute pain. But the essential justice of his judgments is beyond question. What, perhaps, he does not sufficiently allow for is the habit of mind gendered by easy prosperity and an essentially unspiritual outlook in every concern of life. Evangelicalism had in it from the first, as Mr. Baring-Gould points out, the elements of serious mischief, and in its decay it was a grievously unlovely thing; its phraseology had degenerated into a cant and its practice into hypocrisy. Many pages of the book are given up to portraying the condition of the Church, its fabrics and its "pastors," as he is old enough to remember them; and those who know anything from other sources of Mr.

Baring-Gould's experiences will say, with the Queen of Sheba, that the half of them were not told.

Dartmoor was always a wild corner of the country, and it alone would furnish a fresh chapter of stories if needful. We read, as it is, of church buildings ruinous and unclean, of services perfunctorily rendered or hardly rendered at all, of Sacraments contemptuously disregarded, of clergy sunk in sloth and ignorance, of bishops without dignity or any sense of it, who drew fat incomes and did little else to justify their existence. How any sane man can be found to labour for the resuscitation of this state of things, or to regard the reforming movement and its martyrs as an achievement to be deprecated and reversed, is a thing that "no fellow can understand."

Mr. Baring-Gould does well to trace back the roots of the trouble to those exceedingly undesirable people, the Puritan Conformists of 1662. Latter-day Dissenters are fond of dwelling with unction upon the "two thousand martyrs" who gave up everything at the call of conscience; but the few folk who appear to have studied Clarendon's "Life," published as a continuation of his famous "History"—and Mr. Baring-Gould appears to be among that number—know that the facts were quite otherwise. The ejection on "Black Bartholomew" took the malcontents by surprise, as they imagined that the Government were merely "bluffing"; but having arranged for a dramatic exit, printing their farewell sermons with their portraits prefixed and the like, they lost no time in subsequently conforming and getting other livings, and so did many of their leaders, "and the number was very small, and of very weak and inconsiderable men, that continued refractory." But, adds Clarendon with justice, "It may, without breach of charity, be believed that many who did subscribe had the same malignity to the Church, and to the government of it; and, it may be, did more harm than if they had continued in their inconformity." As the event proved, and Mr. Baring-Gould brings out, Clarendon was perfectly right, and we are suffering from that bad tradition to this day. He might, however, have estimated more highly the quiet influence of the Non-jurors in keeping alive a sense of religion in the country during the dark century or more that followed, though he does well to give due credit to the old orthodox party in the Church, which held on upon its disregarded way, looking for the dawn which came in due course, though not without storm and stress.

The Broad Churchmen of our day, lineal descendants of the Georgian prelates who lived on the Church's moneys while denying the truths which they were commissioned to teach, come in for some bitter words from our author. The man in the street will probably agree with him. Nobody desires in these days to fetter opinion, but it is still regarded as dishonest to profess disbelief in that which you are taking money to teach; and the present attitude of ordained ministers of the Church, not a few of them in high position, who seem thus to be trifling with their consciences, is an exceedingly ugly and dangerous feature of the age—and the

world is not slow to take account of it. The man in the street hesitates rightly to accept as moral teachers men whose honour is thus in question, and one need not be an obscurantist to desire in these matters at least as high a standard of dealing as men of the world would demand in an established club. In regard to secessions to the Church of Rome, too, Mr. Baring-Gould has a good deal to say, both as regards causes and the facts of the case, especially in respect of figures. Into this we need not go; the statistics of the Roman Catholic Church are, to put it quite mildly, unconvincing. We take leave of Mr. Baring-Gould with gratitude for a book which, though marred by not a few lapses of taste, is the utterance of an honest and warm-hearted man, and is withal excellent reading.

After Metz and Sedan

My Days of Adventure. By ERNEST ALFRED VIZETELLY. With Portrait. (Chatto and Windus. 7s. 6d. net.)

AT the close of "*My Days of Adventure*," Mr. Vizetelly says—"I know not if I should say farewell or *au revoir* to my readers." Constituting ourselves, somewhat arbitrarily, the spokesman of the "reading public," we call unhesitatingly for the latter formula. Mr. Vizetelly's next volume, we now proceed to announce, will deal with the Commune, a business of which he is qualified to speak at first hand. The Commune is the most exciting and—to anyone but a Frenchman—the most incomprehensible episode within living memory. We have begun looking forward to Mr. Vizetelly's "*Commune*."

The present volume deals, and deals excellently, with two admirable subjects—Paris and the last great European War. We owe perhaps a slight apology to Bulgaria, Servia, and the other States who are recovering their breath after their recent excitements, but we think they would admit that their differences, however sanguinary, were of a vastly less important and striking matter than the Franco-Prussian War. That war is, and we hope long will be, the type of a modern European war. The Crimea seems already to belong to ancient history, the Sadowa campaign was merely a campaign, and the Italian wars lacked most of the impressive features of Bismarck's *chef d'œuvre*. The only real alternative for the amateur of first-class European struggles lies in prophetic fiction, which indeed he can have in abundance. Mr. Vizetelly is keenly alive to the fact that he is dealing with the last real precedent for the thing that haunts the dreams of statesmen and soldiers. He is fond of seeking the application of features of the Franco-Prussian War to the case of a hypothetical invasion of England. Marshal Niel and the Garde Mobile are compared to Lord Haldane and the Territorials. Commenting on the requisitions at Versailles, he says—"After all, however, that was a mere trifle in comparison with what the present Kaiser's

forces would probably demand on landing at Hull or Grimsby or Harwich, should they some day do so." Similar observations are frequent throughout the book, and the case against military retrenchment is powerfully summarised in the preface, thus supplying a work of mere reminiscence with a moral.

Mr. Vizetelly must have been the youngest war-correspondent on record. He was less than seventeen years old when the war broke out, and, after an experience of the inconveniences of a siege, during which he sent articles to various London papers, he attached himself to the "Army of Brittany" as a free-lance. He distinguished himself by getting in the first account of the battle of Le Mans, where Chanzy's gallant effort was rendered fruitless.

The war reminiscences come under two heads—the siege of Paris and the war in the provinces. To those who may object that the former subject has been worn thread-bare our answer is—"read Mr. Vizetelly." A matured war-correspondent is a seasoned specialist. Mr. Vizetelly, when he witnessed the events he has now set down in order, was a boy, with all the insatiable curiosity of youth. This meeting of the club of the Rue Pierre Levé, that sortie of the National Guard, may have been, to the practised chronicler, mere irrelevant episodes, to him they were the substance of life and experience. As he looks back at them now, they shrink to their true proportions as mere factors in a world-shaking event, but the fact that they were once seen and lived exempts them from Time's proscription of the trivial. The Paris streets of the Terrible Year live in these pages as they have never lived before—as far as our reading goes—except perhaps in the reminiscences of M. Emile Bergerat.

Mr. Vizetelly, who has written on Anarchism and is going to write on the Commune, is always on the alert to catch any manifestation of political Destructivism. During the siege he frequented the clubs, where new schemes and conceptions were mooted, and he notes all the stages in the growing unpopularity of General Trochu and his colleagues. The Commune was not yet, but the Commune was preparing.

The Paris of the siege was an ill place to leave. Mr. Vizetelly managed it during a benevolent "Xenelasia," when facilities were granted to a large number of foreigners for escaping from the beleaguered city. The "Anabasis" of those foreigners who availed themselves of the opportunity, particularly of those of English nationality, was a painful and long-drawn-out process. The British Embassy seems to have behaved with extraordinary negligence, and the Gladstone-Granville Government with criminal supineness. For the officer at Versailles who was entrusted with funds to help the fugitives on the way Mr. Vizetelly has no words strong enough. "It would not surprise me to learn that the bulk of the money voted by Parliament was ultimately returned to the Treasury—which circumstance would probably account for the 'full approval' which the Government bestowed on the Colonel's conduct at this period." Without the American Minister, the English

contingent would probably never have got out of Paris at all.

After a short rest, Mr. Vizetelly attached himself to the "Army of Brittany," nominally as a member of the ambulance. He had had time to grasp the essential features of the siege of Paris; there was nothing further to record there but the weakening resistance and the growing murmurs of sedition. To the French patriot—and Mr. Vizetelly, as we have remarked on another occasion, combines a French with an English patriotism—the really important part of the war was the war in the provinces. For ourselves, we admit that we have hitherto found the first part of the war—up to the capitulation of Sedan—the most interesting. It has unity and dramatic impressiveness. For the last part of the war it is hard to focus our attention; the centre of interest is "un peu partout." We have had the same feeling about "Treasure Island." But Mr. Vizetelly shows us that the provincial armies were real armies and capable of a serious and even hopeful effort. But for the ill-luck that perpetually dogged them, and but for the too early collapse of the first-line forces, they might easily have gained better terms for their country. They suffered incalculable hardships, and they fought magnificently; Le Mans might have proved quite a different affair if the important Tuilerie position had not been manned at the crucial moment by a stop-gap force of raw levies, who succumbed to panic.

Mr. Vizetelly by no means believes in the forbearance of the German soldier. The affair of Châteaudun was, according to him, as bad as could be. It could not be explained away; "the proofs were too numerous and the reality was too dreadful. Two hundred and thirty-five of the devoted little town's houses were committed to the flames . . . women were deliberately assaulted." The writer saw with his own eyes the wanton damage that had been committed in Mantes station, and reflected: "Dear, nice, placid German soldiers, baulked, for a few minutes, of some of the wine of France!" He pauses to marvel over Bismarck's passion for clocks, and he accuses the German authorities of something like treachery in their treatment of the Versailles.

Off the main stream of the narrative there are plenty of interesting observations and incidents. The attempts to form corps of Amazons are playfully described, but the actual military services rendered by women—in the East particularly—get just acknowledgment. The translator of "La Débâcle" passes a very sound criticism on Zola; he was a novelist who had never seen service, and his psychology of the fighter is a psychology of guess-work; besides, he has selected for his medium a soldier who was and always must be utterly untypical. Here is an illustration of that well-known characteristic of the Frenchman, his love for his mother: "Whenever letters were found on the bodies of men who fell during the Franco-German War, they were, if this man was a Frenchman, more usually letters from his mother, and, if he was a German, more usually letters from his sweetheart."

Shorter Reviews

Village Silhouettes. By CHARLES L. MARSON.
Illustrated. (The Society of SS. Peter and Paul.
2s. 6d. net.)

THESE charming little sketches with pen and scissors have acquired a pathetic interest in that the talented author passed to rest on March 3. Mr. C. L. Marson was a versatile writer, well known for his vigorous criticisms on matters ecclesiastical and social. He was an occasional contributor to THE ACADEMY. He collaborated with Mr. Cecil Sharp in the recovery and preservation of many old folk-songs. To this work he refers in the preface to "Silhouettes": "People were once kind enough to applaud the writer for his discovery of a great goldmine of beautiful song in Somerset. . . . Now the prospector wishes to proclaim a far greater discovery . . . the greatness, the sweetness, the unexpectedness, and the cleverness of God's common people, in the green of the world." Many, too many, country clergy know little of the real mind and character of the country folk. But Mr. Marson was not of that type. He was a genuine student of human nature. He looked below the surface. He endeavoured to find, with no little success, the real gold ore, by sifting the sands of mere superficial impressions. Herein lay his special gift, and here lies the value of his sketches of country folk. He believed in Carlyle's words—which he quotes at the conclusion of his delightful picture of John Moore, the village musician: "Sublimar in this world, I know nothing than a peasant saint. Such an one will take thee back to Nazareth itself." Civilisation and materialism tend to destroy even village saints. But readers of this little book will rejoice to find that such may still be discovered. Doubtless there is a sordid side of village life, which some writers have exploited, not wisely but too well. It is a pleasant change for once *audire alteram partem*.

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Notable Women in History. By WILLIS J. ABBOT.
Illustrated. (Greening and Co. 16s. net.)

SEVENTY-THREE "Notable Women" are described briefly in this curious book, and we are tempted to regard it as a specially fine example of "hustled history." The author dates his preface from Washington, and takes very decided views, as may be gathered from this sentence: "Driven from point to point by the irresistible logic of the facts and by the development of a more intelligent public sentiment, the stubborn Conservatives of to-day, who would deny to women a share equal to that of man in the government of her nation, make their final forlorn stand on the plea that, because women cannot fight the battles of their country with sword and gun, they should have no share in guiding its political destinies." His sketchy biographies seem pointed with the thought that, "Whatever man has done, woman can do," if we may alter the familiar motto. No new material is exhibited, and the phrases are not always in the best of taste—page 199, in the note on Queen Victoria, is a glaring instance. From Aspasia to Mary Baker Eddy, from Lady Jane Grey to Sarah Bernhardt, from the Empress Josephine to "Frances Trollope, whose Book on America Enraged a Nation," the author takes his readers. His book is worthless to the student, but may be of interest to those whose education has not been of the best, and whose inclinations lie in the direction of tit-bits from the lives of women who in some way or another have earned fame or notoriety. The illustrations are good; the arrangement of the titles is amusing: "Madame de la Ramée, the 'Ouida' Beloved of School Girls"; "Mary Lamb, the Gentle Humorist's Adoring Sister"; "Harriet Beecher Stowe, the Little Woman who Caused a Big War"—these are three of the funniest, and we are almost persuaded to rank Mr. Abbot among the exponents of American humour.

Architecture. By MRS. ARTHUR BELL. (T. C. and E. C. Jack. 6d. net.)

THIS little handbook is certainly quite up to the standard of value reached by its predecessors in "The People's Books." Before making any detailed criticism—a hard task when one considers the very small price—we would point out one or two possible improvements. In the first instance, some photographs, even if only of a few of the principal buildings described, would add greatly to the interest, especially from the view of that enigmatic personage, the man in the street, for whose benefit the book is produced; and we are sure he would also appreciate a few elevations of the English cathedrals, instead of plans only—for, to tell the truth, he does not understand the latter, as a rule. Some of the sketches are very small, not dimensioned, and not too well drawn, and give the book rather an old-fashioned appearance. Indeed, this matter of

illustrating is the book's chief defect, its letterpress being admirable.

It would give the general reader a much better idea of the vastness of some of the old buildings if, instead of giving their sizes in yards or feet, they had been compared with modern erections. For example, the Great Pyramid is some 764 feet square, but one can realise its immensity much better by saying that its base covered an area quite as big as Lincoln's Inn Fields; while in the case of the huge Baths of Caracalla, at Rome—in which, by the way, the author is greatly at variance with other authorities as to size—they were actually larger than the British Museum. A few errors must be noticed. On page 6, "Trabeated" surely comes from "Trabs," a beam, and not "Trabea," a toga; page 26, the Pantheon dome is brick, not concrete; page 39, the overall length of the nave of Santa Sophia is 250 feet, not 225 feet; page 65, Amiens Cathedral is generally considered to have been completed in 1288, not 1272. On other pages "long" should not be used instead of "high" or "tall"; in many cases a window is described as "long" when "high" is meant. And on page 75 the first sketch is more typical of Late Norman than Early English.

Practically no mention is made of those refinements that the Greeks introduced into their architecture, to correct optical illusion, which are the wonder of the world to-day; and more notice should have been taken of the Roman orders and their modification from the Greek. The sketch on page 27 of the three "Orders" does not indicate at all well their difference in proportion, the columns appearing the same height, whereas the Doric was about 8 diameters high, the Ionic $8\frac{3}{4}$, Corinthian $9\frac{1}{2}$ to 10.

Despite these few errors, however, the little book is excellent value, and should have a ready sale, which will probably be much increased if the suggested improvements are made in any future edition.

Animal Sculpture: Suggestions for Greater Realism in Modelling. By WALTER WINANS. (G. P. Putnam's Sons. 7s. 6d. net.)

THE distinction in the art of sculpture which has been gained by Mr. Walter Winans, as attested by the long list of his honours and awards that figures on the title-page of this book, gives him an undoubted right to be heard with attention when he sets forth his theories with regard to that branch of the art to which his talent has been more particularly devoted. It is his avowed experience that animal sculptors "get very little help from sculptors of other subjects"; he has therefore been moved to do what he can to supply the deficiency, and to prepare, for the benefit of other workers in this department of the art, a manual of the principles and governing rules by which he himself is guided.

If one desired to condense Mr. Winans' whole theory

of animal sculpture into half a dozen words, one could not do it better than by the quotation of his own terse and pregnant sentence, "We must go direct to Nature." He is, in fact, an artistic realist in the most absolute sense of the term. In his view, any striving after decorative effect that involves neglect of the duty of copying Nature with the most rigid fidelity is not only unpardonable in principle, but inevitably disastrous in result. The sculptor, according to his code, must not only be in perfect sympathy with an animal that he undertakes to model, but must possess an accurate knowledge of its anatomy, in order that his modelled imitation of the real thing may be in every point scrupulously and minutely exact. From this it will be gathered that "impressionism" is to him the unforgivable sin; he tells us, indeed, in an amusingly contemptuous aphorism, that "impressionism and near-sightedness are identical."

Having followed Mr. Winans with respectful patience while he lays down the law regarding Proportion, Planes, Balance, and Anatomy—all honoured with capital letters as his four "absolute essentials"—it may possibly occur to some of us to wonder what place can be left for inspiration, or for individuality of expression, in an art thus rendered so mechanically imitative, and so severely circumscribed by rule-of-thumb. We may be content, however, to leave Mr. Winans to fight out that question with the despised "impressionists," and with others who are not prepared to limit the sphere of art to mere slavishly accurate reproduction of carefully observed detail. Meanwhile, he may be congratulated on the clearness and vivacity with which he has propounded his theories in this ably-written volume, to the interest of which the numerous and excellent illustrations from photographs make very material contribution.

Honoré de Balzac: His Life and Writings. By MARY F. SANDARS. With an Introduction by W. L. COURTNEY, M.A., LL.D. Illustrated. (Stanley Paul and Co. 5s. net.)

WE congratulate Messrs. Stanley Paul and Co. on having acquired Miss Sandars's work for inclusion in their popular Essex Library. It was first published some ten years ago by Mr. John Murray, at which time it was favourably reviewed by Dr. Richard Garnett in the columns of THE ACADEMY, who said: "The book, on its own modest but sufficient scale, appears to leave little if any room for improvement." This reprint does not, therefore, call for any extended notice now. It has the advantage of a scholarly introduction from the pen of Mr. W. L. Courtney, who describes the book as "a valuable piece of work." The volume is tastefully bound, and the illustrations include authentic portraits of the great writer at different periods of his chequered career.

Fiction

The End of Her Honeymoon. By Mrs. BELLOC LOWNDES. (Methuen and Co. 6s.)

THERE is no doubt that Mrs. Belloc Lowndes will sustain the reader's interest until the last page of her story is finished; but, at the same time, it seems a pity that an author with the ability of character-drawing which Mrs. Belloc Lowndes undoubtedly possesses should turn her attention to detective stories, however well developed those stories may be. Plots, counter-plots, desperate chasing and hunting down of criminals, derive their keenest interest from exciting incidents, thereby placing careful character-study in a secondary position—in a position, in fact, where a careless retailer of similar wares might learn to dispense with it altogether. This, of course, cannot apply to the present author.

Strange to say, the honeymoon in question ends before the first chapter is finished, the whole of the remaining pages being taken up with the search for the disappearing bridegroom. The scene takes place in Paris during the time of a state visit from the Russian monarchs. French police methods are severely criticised, and the whole of the story seems feasible until the final disclosure and clearing up of the mystery. From the very beginning the police officials of Paris had known the fate of the missing man, but on account of the imperial visit, secrecy was maintained. For a year the young bride and her energetic American friends sought by every means in their power a solution of the problem. The police told them nothing, although all the time assuring them of their devoted zeal on their behalf. Yet the whole ghastly affair is related by the Prefect himself to a Major Dallas, who happens to be in Paris on business. It is told quite casually, as an incident, among others, of the manner in which Parisian police officials can on occasion muzzle their Press. With this exception, the story is good; but we trust that in her next book Mrs. Belloc Lowndes will give policemen and detectives a little rest.

The Fortunate Youth. By WILLIAM J. LOCKE. (John Lane. 6s.)

SO long as the silver spoon is in one's mouth it seems to matter little whether the birth takes place in humble cottage or royal castle. Certainly Paul Kegworthy's star shone very brightly as it guided him from a noisome Lancashire slum ultimately to—but that must be the reader's business. We first know the child as a ragged, dirty little schoolboy; at home, a drunken stepfather and a mother who, when she was not quarrelling with her husband and attending to her other offsprings, was ill-treating little Paul. To escape from

his loathsome home the child passed his time sprawling on a rubbish-heap, reading any old books or papers he came across. Romantically inclined, he absorbed all he read, seized the first opportunity that offered, and escaped to London in quest of high-born parents and adventure; for he felt convinced that the woman who called herself his mother could in no way belong to him. This first part of the story is excellent; Paul, young as he is and sordid as are his surroundings, has ideals, faith in himself and his ability to reach great heights, achieve mighty aims. Mr. Locke draws him well; his gradual development, the same influences at work when he is a man as when merely a gutter urchin—a high notion of the kingdom he would one day inherit, and the character necessary to enter the sphere in a manner befitting a person of great importance. After seizing every opportunity to satisfy his gnawing ambition, Paul's many years of strenuous efforts seem for the time wasted; his father is disclosed to him. Not a prince, not an aristocrat; but a Zionist preacher, a director of numerous fried-fish shops, and a man who has been imprisoned for the attempted murder of Paul's mother, the Lancashire slut. Here is disillusion for the proud, idealistic youth. But the author has instilled Paul's character so clearly into the reader's mind that he knows that the ambitious man will not for long be crushed beneath the blow. He rises a stronger, a more perfect idealist than he was before, helped to his final destiny by the two women to whom he is everything that life holds dear.

Perhaps Mr. Locke has drawn an impossible youth, as well as a fortunate one. The ideal is high, and high ideals are not fashionable in fiction just now. But the story is refreshing, and we would not have it altered. It is fair, too, that "The Fortunate Youth" should see the light of day and take its place on the same shelf as that charming maiden, "Stella Maris."

EIGHT new sixpenny editions of popular novels have just been issued by Messrs. John Long: "Traitor and True," by John Bloundelle-Burton; "The Turnpike House," by Fergus Hume; "Something in the City," by Florence Warden; "The Sin of Hagar," by Helen Mathers; "Mrs. Musgrave and Her Husband," by Richard Marsh; "The Other Mrs. Jacobs," by Mrs. Campbell Praed; "Delphine," by Curtis Yorke; and "Midsummer Madness," by Mrs. Lovett Cameron. A variety is here, indeed: mystery, adventure and romance. And towards the end of April two more are promised, after which the volumes "will appear fortnightly, two at a time, until July 27." So the publishers' announcement reads; and in addition to the sixpenny series, it must not be forgotten that Messrs. John Long issue copyright novels, nicely bound in cloth, at 7d. each. From the three-volume novel to the one-volume six-shilling one was thought to be a great stride some years ago. Is the cheap edition in time going to supersede its six-shilling forerunner?

Shorter Notices

A NOVEL that should not be missed is Mrs. Horace Tremlett's amusing story, "Curing Christopher" (John Lane, 6s.). There is nothing to show whether the book is a first effort or not; if it is, it is a most creditable performance for a novice in the art and deserving of all praise. We have not come across the author's name before, and we have a vague suspicion, only a little one, that Mrs. Tremlett may be a man who is trying to deceive us. The language put into the mouths of some of the characters seems at times too virile for the pen of a lady. However, whether "Curing Christopher" was evolved in a male or female brain it is none the less full of entertainment from cover to cover. The writer displays a pretty wit throughout, and occasionally a caustic one. One thing is certain, the author is no suffragist, for Kit's wife makes this remarkable statement—remarkable in these days of the W.S.P.U.—to her husband: "I never think about anything but you, and the children, and the house. Some women do, I know; but I never did. All my life, everything I have is given to you; and I like it to be so, it's what I was made for, and I don't want anything else." Who could have written such a passage but a mere man crying out in the wilderness for the domesticity of the days of his forefathers? We can imagine Christabel reading it with a snort of contempt.

Another novel which we can heartily recommend is "The Princes of the Stock Exchange" (Holden and Hardingham, 6s.), by a Russian author, Nemirovich-Danchenko, who is scarcely, if at all, known in this country, and the translation has been made by Dr. A. S. Rappoport. It is a powerful story dealing with Russian *haute finance* and the life and morals of St. Petersburg society, somewhat after the manner of Zola's "L'Argent." As the translator says in a note, "The author mercilessly lashes the rapacious financiers, hard-hearted and unscrupulous, who recognise no moral principle." He terms them the "brood of Cain." Towards the end of the story, Nadja, the heroine, who is about to sacrifice herself to the multi-millionaire Velinski, who is ruining her father in order to secure her, goes to her artist lover's studio with the same object as that with which Mr. Hall Caine's "The Woman Thou Gavest Me" went to her lover at dead of night. In the hands of the Russian novelist, however, virtue triumphs as virtue should. A curious slip occurs on page 33: "His face assumed the expression of the mother of God washing the feet of the Lord."

In "Father O'Flynn" (Hutchinson and Co., 1s. net) Mr. H. de Vere Stacpoole gives us a capital story of life in the West of Ireland. It contains many amusing episodes, and some almost tragic ones also. There is no mention of Home Rule throughout its pages, for which we are grateful, though there is a meeting of cattle-driving United Patriots, one of whom Father O'Flynn cures of his lawlessness by the aid of a good stout whip. The conclusion of the story is thrilling

indeed. The author might write a little more carefully. On page 7, Corkran is fifty-three, on page 87 he has miraculously dropped back to only forty years of age; and there is some impossible juggling with a lantern on page 180; while the same thing occurs with a watch on pages 179 and 241. But these are only slight blemishes, and the little volume is sure to entertain the reader for an hour or two.

"It was the Time of Roses" (Holden and Hardingham, 6s.) is, the publishers state, one of Miss Dolf Wyllarde's earlier works; it appeared originally as a serial, and is now issued for the first time in book form. The title is, of course, derived from the sillily sentimental song that enraptured lovesick swains and maidens years ago. Roses and verses are scattered through the book, but they really have little to do with the story, which would be much improved if the poetic effusions were weeded out of any future edition. When Digby told Barbara he loved her, she did not answer, but "into her grey eyes had flashed a look—

As of a wild thing taken in a trap
That sees the trapper coming through the wood."

He was holding her hands at this interesting psychological moment—

'Twas twilight and I bade you go,
But still you held me fast,

as she had sung to him earlier that eventful evening. But Barbara was not to be won on that occasion anyhow, and, as Mrs. Grundy objects to philandering in a rose-garden all night, Digby had perforce to loosen his hold, and the damsel escaped indoors. It is the same old story of the course of true love never running smooth. It opens in the West Indies and ends happily in the Homeland. The author gives a good description of the little island of St. Alousie, and of the life led there by the natives, the few white planters, and the small garrison. Her personages are all well portrayed, especially the old priest, Father Anselm, the Colonel's wife, and Eulalie, the French Creole girl. There are also, naturally, a devastating hurricane and an Obeah man, and, less naturally, a stolen will, which is brought to light under strange circumstances. The pathetic account of the death of Kiddie will bring tears to the eyes of many readers.

"Phoebe Maroon," by Mary F. Raphael (Heath, Cranton and Ouseley, 6s.), is a very slender story indeed concerning an artist's model. The girl is very ordinary and becomes merely an incident in the career of the artist for whom she poses. She keeps his house for a time and eventually marries a young Irishman. Phoebe has curious characteristics; for while she evinces scruples at dining with a gentleman friend at a public restaurant she has none at becoming another's mistress. The artist is not very interesting; neither is the fair lady with whom he finally falls in love. Miss Raphael would perhaps be more successful in writing a story of people who move away from artistic circles. The "naughty" Bohemian effect, evidently striven after by the author, has eluded her pen entirely and made of the story a very poor affair.

On Sighting Land

FIRST impressions of a land so romantic as North America, cut off from our own by all the uncertainties of ocean—"the rolling foam"—that until comparatively modern times offered long and hazardous resistance to the intrepid voyager, would seem to have inspired many word-pictures worthy of remembrance. This, however, appears to be the exception—at least, during the nineteenth century.

In the winter of 1827, that interesting woman and forceful writer, Mrs. Trollope, whose "Domestic Manners of the Americans" is as much a curiosity to-day as Dickens' "American Notes," arrived at the mouth of the Mississippi, after a voyage from London of seven weeks.

The first indication of our approach to land was the appearance of this mighty river pouring forth its muddy mass of waters, and mingling with the deep blue of the Mexican Gulf. . . . Large flights of pelicans were seen standing upon the long masses of mud which rose above the surface of the waters, and a pilot came to guide us over the bar, long before any other indication of land was visible. . . . As we advanced, however, we were cheered, notwithstanding the season, by the bright tints of southern vegetation. The banks continue invariably flat, but a succession of planless villas, sometimes merely a residence, and sometimes surrounded by their sugar grounds and negro huts, varied the scene. . . . We were, however, impatient to touch as well as to see land; but the navigation from the Balize to New Orleans is difficult and tedious, and the two days that it occupied appeared longer than any we had passed on board.

Her book, though devoted mainly to life in Cincinnati, makes no reference to "The Bazaar" she erected there in 1828; nor do we find the recent biographer of Anthony Trollope doing more than hinting at a store for fancy-goods at some provincial capital like the city in question. Ford, the local historian, gives a picture of the building, which stood on Third Street, near Broadway, and seems to have been a fashionable resort at that early date, combining bazaar, restaurant, and dancing-hall, with an observation turret in the rear. The glass front appears to have formed two storeys, a basement rising above street-level, and flights of stone steps descended from the first floor around the entrance below. Ornamental coping stones bordered the flat roof, above which peeped the small dome of the rotunda. In later years "The Bazaar" fell into disrepute, and was demolished early in the 'eighties. Mrs. Trollope's crossing of the Alleghany Mountains, and visits to Baltimore, Washington, Philadelphia and New York, are full of interest, as also is her journey through the Mohawk Valley, and her first sight of Niagara Falls.

Dickens, who sailed from Liverpool to Boston in January, 1842, reached Halifax Harbour on the fifteenth night, when the ship incontinently ran aground. His subsequent impressions of the New England coast, though familiar, may well be recalled.

The indescribable interest with which I strained my eyes, as the first patches of American soil peeped like molehills from the green sea, and followed them, as they swelled, by slow and almost imperceptible degrees, into a continuous line of coast, can hardly be exaggerated. A sharp keen wind blew dead against us; a hard frost prevailed on shore; and the cold was most severe. Yet the air was so intensely clear, and dry, and bright, that the temperature was not only endurable, but delicious.

Another traveller from Liverpool (February, 1855), the Rev. William Ferguson, F.L.S., author of "America by River and Rail," thus describes his first sight of the Massachusetts coast:

The distance was too great to enable us to distinguish accurately the peculiar character of the shores. They are not marked by any bold feature, but present an undulating line of seemingly low cliffs, covered with wood. . . . As we neared Boston, about two in the afternoon, the features of interest multiply. We can discern the white houses of the coast towns, and presently we are sailing among the numerous islands of the magnificent harbour.

On landing at East Boston, Mr. Ferguson proceeded by coach and ferry, and "so through several streets teeming with what to us were novelties, till we reached the great hotel of Boston, 'The Revere.'" In the course of an evening walk he describes the Boston Museum lighted up. "We afterwards learnt," he says, "that until lately Boston had no regular theatre; that theatrical representations were gradually introduced under the name of 'spectacles' in connection with museums. . . . The piece which was acting when we entered was called 'The Magic Mirror, or the Spirit of the Age.'"

In 1887-88 a series of letters appeared in the *Times* from the special correspondent, under the general heading, "A Visit to the States," which for charm of style and store of learning has not been excelled. The Atlantic States, as far south as Virginia, and westwards to Chicago, were described, and a second series dealt with New England. The collection was afterwards reprinted in two little grey, yellow-edged volumes, now out of print. From the first letter, "Entering New York Harbour," we cull these effective lines:

Then, as the night wore on, anxious eyes were on the look-out for land, and ultimately it was sighted just at the dawning—a far-away flashing white light off to the north-west, seen above a long low sand strip, known as Fire Island beach, on the coast of Long Island. Then, as the morning broke, was seen ahead, gradually rising, as if from the sea and mist, the Highlands of the Navesink, a part of the New Jersey shore, their colour slowly developing as approached from hazy blue to a deep green, with a pair of twin lighthouses perched upon their slopes. As the sunlight came across the water, there could be seen stretching northward from these Highlands, and apparently right across the steamer's path, a long strip of yellow sand, partly wooded and having another lighthouse on its outer end. This was the goal of the ocean voyage, the narrow peninsula of Sandy Hook protecting the harbour of New York.

Eight years later, in the pages of the *Queen*, a lady

writer—since identified with the "Court of Nature" columns of that journal—contributed several vivacious articles on a trip to the States, sufficiently distinguished for further extract:

When the morning comes in a pale pink glory, and the engines, that have throbbed unceasingly for more than a week, suddenly stop, there are many on deck to welcome the pilot, and get the newspapers he brings. They are anxious also to see the first glimpse of land. "We shall get in by one o'clock after all," says one of the college boys, handing me his glasses. And through them I see what look like shadows rising from the sea—the houses at Fire Island and Far Rockaway.

That evening in New York one of the then newly-opened roof-gardens is visited. "We wander round the promenade that is decorated with palms and flowering shrubs, and look down upon the wonderful view over the city. Across Madison Square, with its dark trees and electric lights, we see against a Broadway building the continually changing colours of an illumination, 'Swept by Ocean Breezes'—'Buy Your Homes on Long Island.' Far below us can be seen the street-cars and passers-by. From the windows of neighbouring houses people are looking up at the gaiety on the roof-garden, and occasionally the evening air wafts over to them the sounds of music."

It has always seemed to the present writer that of all euphonious place-names on either side of the wide Atlantic—bearing in mind the numerous ocean-breathing names, some of Indian origin, in the neighbourhood of Boston Harbour, and the many musical names along our own shores—there is nothing comparable to the poetic suggestion of "Far Rockaway" above referred to. How far this may be in reality justified need not trouble us, but, for this reason, he has refrained from visiting the spot while "on the other side."

Coming East and seeking "first impressions" by American writers of the shores of Britain, we find still less material to serve. There is, of course, Washington Irving in "The Sketch Book," writing in the year 1820:

It was a fine sunny morning when the thrilling cry of "Land!" was given from the mast-head. None but those who have experienced it can form an idea of the delicious throng of sensations which rush into an American's bosom when he first comes in sight of Europe. . . . From that time, until the moment of arrival, it was all feverish excitement. The ships of war that prowled like guardian giants along the coast; the headlands of Ireland, stretching out into the channel; the Welsh mountains, towering into the clouds; all were objects of intense interest.

We turn to Emerson, who came to England, via Boulogne, in 1833, and with entire absence of preliminary view, landed in London at the Tower stairs.

It was a dark Sunday morning; there were few people in the streets; and I remember the pleasure of that first walk on English ground, with my companion, an American artist, from the Tower up through Cheapside and the Strand, to a house in Russell Square, whither we had been recommended to good chambers.

It is to William Winter, however, the accomplished

poet and dramatic critic, that we are most indebted, and of his two accounts—the one via Queenstown, in "Shakespeare's England" (1877); the other, via Southampton, in "Old Shrines and Ivy" (1892)—we will give the latter:

Early in the morning of a brilliant July day the Scilly islands came into view, a little to the south of our course, and we could see the great waves breaking into flying masses and long wreaths of silver foam, on their grim shores and in their rock-bound chasms. Yet a little while and the steep cliffs of Cornwall glimmered into the prospect, and then came the double towers of the Lizard Light, and we knew that our voyage was accomplished. The rest of the way is the familiar panorama of the Channel coast—lonely Eddystone, keeping its sentinel watch in solitude and danger; the green pasture lands of Devon; the crags of Portland, grey and emerald and gold, shining, changing, and fading in silver mist; the shelving fringes of the Solent; the sandy coves and green hills of the beautiful Isle of Wight; and placid Southampton Water with its little lighthouses and its crescent town, vital with the incessant enterprise of the present, and rich with splendid associations of the past. The gloaming had begun to die into night when we landed, and in the sleepy stillness of the vacant streets, and of the quiet inn, we were soon conscious of that feeling of peace and comfort which is the first sensation of the old traveller who comes again into England.

These, then, are gleanings from an abundant and promising literature of travel to and from the States during last century; and though since those days Arnold Bennett and Theodore Dreiser have to be reckoned with, their views—as with others at this late date—are mainly concerned with *terra firma*.

H. H.

Wild Beasts Seen from a Train

BY F. G. AFLALO.

Nairobi, British East Africa.
February, 1914.

OF scenic railways, from Switzerland to the U.S.A., some of us have retained varied memories, mostly of alpine effects and zigzag trips into the clouds and back to sapphire lakes; but the naturalist, with an eye for wild life rather than landscape, is as a rule poorly served by the train, since such birds and beasts as live in regions along the railroad usually give the noisy intruder a wide berth and seek safety in adjacent jungle, or at least so far distant on the plains as to be undistinguishable.

The Uganda Railway has a different tale to tell, and, miles of its track lying through a Game Reserve, from which white and black poachers are alike sternly excluded (unless the former happen to be distinguished foreigners), it can still show its passengers on the daily train from Mombasa a collection of wild animals roaming at large in amazing profusion up to the very outskirts of Nairobi.

Frankly, I came to the play in a cynical mood of kindly determination not to be disappointed if the spectacle should fall short of the promise held out in word and picture, having too often realised how far the actual is apt to fall short of the ideal. I came, in short, to smile, but I stayed to marvel.

True, the *pièces de résistance* of the menu were not served on this occasion. I saw neither a rhinoceros, that

large, but peevish pachyderm,

which, as Mr. Belloc tells us,

... though commonly herbivorous,

Is eminently dangerous.

Nor was I favoured by the sight of a lion, though one had actually galloped for some distance beside a goods train two days earlier, and the presence of these destructive, but majestic brutes very near the track was sufficiently demonstrated on the following day by the hurried departure of one of the game-rangers with instructions to shoot some that were harrying an ostrich *boma* in the vicinity.

What I did see, however, surpassed all my fondest expectations. Anxious to miss nothing, I was on the lookout before the first grey of the dawn lit up the country round Sultan Hamud. Wild country it is, and just the setting for big game. Almost the first sight to reward my patience was an old giraffe standing close beside the line. For a moment it stared at me and then trotted slowly away, disappearing in some scrub. The next object to attract attention was a small flock of six ostriches, superb birds which might, for all the notice they took of the train, have been on a farm.

After this, on either side of the line, the game came not in hundreds, but in thousands; hartebeeste, zebras, gazelles of more than one species, wildebeeste—those extraordinary blends of antelope and cattle which indulge in antics wholly unsuited to their ungainly build—with a number of interesting birds, from great bustards to fluttering spurfowl. So great was the profusion of game that I confess, not without remorse, since I may never have the opportunity again, that long before arriving at Nairobi, I had tired of the sight and took no more notice of zebras and antelopes than if they had been the sheep and cows that we see along our railways at home.

Yet this extraordinary panorama of big game is a notable sight, preserving as it does, if one can for an hour or two forget the semi-artificial conditions inseparable from a Reserve, a memory of Africa as it must have looked in the days of Gordon-Cumming and Speke. It is a sad truth that the difference of the modern veldt is the work not of either native hunters or lions, but of the Boers—and of some other white men who were not Boers—who ruthlessly exterminated the game as wastefully as wolves.

Comfort comes in the contemplation of what forethought has effected, not only protecting the wild herds from their natural and unnatural enemies, but actually inspiring them with absolute fearlessness of passing trains, of which, indeed, they take less notice than our farm animals at home.

It was a real joy to me to see all these beasts without the trouble of stalking them, for I realise, not without a chastening sense of inferiority in this land of Nimrods, that I am no hunter of big game. So long as I may enjoy such fights as I had a few days ago at the coast with a fish of sixty-four pounds, I shall never have the ambition to kill anything on four feet. The Uganda Railway confers a wholly delightful feeling of intimacy with these creatures which leaves no room for thoughts of murder.

In the Learned World

DR. NAVILLE'S letters to the *Times*, giving details of his discovery at Abydos, establish him as the most successful as well as the most learned of the Egyptian excavators working under the English flag. For the benefit of those who may have missed them, it may be as well to say that, by burrowing at the back of Seti I's magnificent temple, he has laid bare a subterranean building, constructed, as he believes, for the legendary "tomb of Osiris," and made out of huge blocks of granite measuring over 15 ft. in length. The tomb or room in question was perfectly empty, but on pressing his search further he came upon a vast pool of water or subterranean lake, the source of which is a great puzzle. As rain falls at Abydos once in a century, it can hardly be filled by soakage from the soil (which is, moreover, loose sand), and its distance of more than twelve miles from Baliana, the nearest point on the Nile bank, precludes the idea of it being fed from the river, as Strabo, who had evidently heard of it, seems to think. The use of the pool is also a mystery, but it is quite possible that it may have been connected with the "secret rites" at Abydos, of which Iamblichus and other Greek writers speak. That these had something to do with water seems evident from the texts of the XIIth Dynasty, which speak of the festival of Osiris in the Temple of Abydos. They seem to have included the journeying in a boat of the partisans of the dead god to a place called Nadit, which was evidently in the neighbourhood of Abydos, the finding of the body on the shore, and a great fight with his murderers ending in the placing of the corpse in the bark and its subsequent burial. That such a performance, which must have been acted like a mediæval mystery-play, could ever have been described as "secret," if enacted on the Nile, is unthinkable; but it may very well have been performed in a subterranean pool such as M. Naville has just discovered, where the dim light, and the fact that it must have been many feet below the public part of the temple, must have added much "religious awe" to the spectacle. M. Naville thinks that the huge blocks of the construction he has unearthed were placed there in the age of the Pyramids, and Sir Gaston Maspero, who describes M. Naville's find as one of the most important that have ever occurred in the history of

Egyptian excavation, seems to agree with him in this. For the secret rites themselves, those curious in the matter can be recommended to read M. Moret's "Mystères Egyptiens," a lecture delivered at the Musée Guimet two years ago, and republished in the excellent Bibliothèque de Vulgarisation issued by that institution.

Another point with regard to M. Naville's excavations deserves notice. The number of excavators of all nationalities now engaged in Egypt in obtaining objects for museums, or what is profanely called "loot-digging," is considerable; but almost alone of English excavators, Dr. Naville has refused to join them. In his work on the Festival Hall of Osorkon at Bubastis, the clearance of the great temples at Deir el-Bahari, and at Abydos itself—all which works he has executed for and on behalf of the Egypt Exploration Fund—he has devoted himself to the laying bare and restoring of great buildings, and has thereby thrown light on the history and religion of the ancient Egyptians which would never have been obtained by those engaged in securing portable objects for exhibition in European or American museums. In this respect he has been followed at some distance by Mr. Theodore Davis, whose excellent restoration of the Royal Tombs at Thebes and their equipment with electric light form one of the brightest spots in the history of excavation. These works compare very favourably with those of other and greedier excavators who have been reproached by Sir Gaston Maspero for destroying, in their haste to obtain tangible results, more evidence than they collected. It is to be hoped in this connection that the Egypt Exploration Fund will see their way to secure M. Naville's services for a further term as the superintendent of their excavations, even if he is forced by failing health to confine them to the general direction of the scheme without actually visiting the spot. The termination of his connection with the Fund, which was announced last year as being probable, would, if carried into effect, be little short of a national misfortune.

Mr. Leonard King, of the British Museum, gives in the current number of the *Proceedings* of the Society of Biblical Archaeology a further fragment of the Epic of Gilgamesh, who is sometimes called the Babylonian Hercules, and who was one of those legendary heroes, half-god and half-man, of whom the mythology of most nations is full. The present fragment seems to describe how Gilgamesh, sore wounded in some fight of which we have lost the trace, is induced to trust himself to the guidance of the monster, Enkidu or Ea-bani, who leads the wounded hero through the difficult path of the Cedar Wood to the palace of the goddess Ninsun, to whom Gilgamesh recounts his adventures, and is presumably advised as to the cure of his wound. The cuneiform tablet on which it is written, and which was acquired by the Museum in the course of their latest excavations at Kuyunjik, is unfortunately much broken; and it is only by the care-

ful collation of such fragments that the whole legend can be made out. It suggests, however, that these stories may have been written down by the earliest inhabitants of Babylonia, not so much as history or for edification, but as spells for the cure of disease according to the well-known rule of magic, which teaches that the solemn repetition of the story of the healing of a wound or other ailment in the case of a divine person will work a similar cure on the worshipper repeating it with the proper ceremonies. Such spells are still in use in (among others) the Balkan countries, and there generally take the form of stories relating to the Virgin Mary and the infant Jesus.

Magic of another kind is illustrated by a small leaden figure of a naked man with his hands tied behind his back, enclosed in a leaden box, which M. Cumont has just described in a communication to the Académie des Inscriptions. It was found apparently at Athens, and was evidently made for an *envoûtement* or enchantment of the kind described by Gilbert as "melting a rich uncle in wax." M. Cumont shows that the tying of the hands behind the back was held to produce paralysis or immobility in the person of whom the leaden figure was an effigy, and in days when the nature of rheumatism and other similar diseases was imperfectly understood, no doubt had sometimes an apparent effect. Such figures were very common during the early Christian centuries, and were frequently made for the incapacitating or "nobbling" of the charioteers of the opposite faction in the races in the Hippodrome at Constantinople and elsewhere. It looks, therefore, as if the rage for looking-on (for interested motives) at games and sports were not so modern as our omniscient Press would have us believe. The Catholic Church is often reproached for the violent means which it used to suppress such practices. But if we consider that their doers sought to bring about the death or injury of a fellow-creature for no higher motive than the winning of a bet, it will be seen that they were, in fact, murderers in intention, and therefore deserved some punishment.

F. L.

Some Reflections on the Twentieth-Century Renaissance

SOME two and a half centuries ago, the restless men of the North and West started to conquer the East, and, riding roughshod over what they regarded as lifeless social and ethical systems, began to implant their ideas of superior culture, which consisted in an attempt to stir up the passive Oriental to share in the industrial system of Europe.

In India they succeeded in subduing a number of more or less effete and mutually hostile civilisations, uniting them under one rule. Other nations they conquered by force of arms; China they found to be unassailable, because unresisting. But the East hardly troubled to rouse itself from its habitual state of

dreamy contemplation, to observe these, the latest of so many conquerors; for, to men who think in centuries, the coming of the Northmen was but a little thing.

The conquerors, absorbed in the affairs of the moment, looking neither ahead to the future nor back to the ages of their ancestors, called the Oriental inscrutable, and regarded his manifold metaphysical systems as so much child's play, for in their superior wisdom they thought that all happiness lay in action and in the gathering of riches. So the man of the West toiled on, growing ever richer and richer, and conquering ever more and more of the world. He threw bridges across great rivers, and built ships that could cross the ocean at the speed of express trains. He wooed unwilling Nature with a rough hand, ravishing her choicest secrets and turning them to his own ends. He tunnelled the bowels of the earth for precious metals and fuel, and conquered even the depths of the sea and the air above. And father was armed against son and brother against brother, to guard the treasure that man had heaped up for himself upon earth.

As the man of the West grew richer, he found that he had more and more leisure, which he had always desired, but which he now found to be a torment to him; for great restlessness had taken hold of his soul. He became a prey to violent and transitory obsessions; nor could he remain long in the same place, so he took to travelling recklessly and frantically round the globe, like one who is pursued by fear, tarrying here awhile and there awhile, but ever dashing on again in search of the mirage of happiness that danced before his eyes. His travels led him to the East, where he saw with pity countries whose face was hardly soiled with the grime of his industrialism. He travelled for miles and miles without seeing the smoke of a single factory chimney; he gazed from the window of a dining-car in his express train at peasants who tilled the soil with ploughs a thousand years old, and lived just as they had always lived since the memory of man. He looked with scorn on these people who toiled hard and were clothed in rags, until one day he noticed great happiness in their eyes. So he said to his Eastern brother: "How is it that you, who have no gold, are happy, while I, who have enough to buy all your foolish gods, can find no contentment?"

Whereupon the man of the East smiled in his quiet confident way before making answer: "Put all thy riches from thee, and learn to know thine own heart, for therein lies the secret of all happiness."

We stand to-day on the threshold of a renaissance of thought as great probably as that which rejuvenated Europe in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries. Then the intelligence of Europe found its stimulus in the learning and art of Greece and Rome, which had been forgotten in the chaos of previous ages. To-day the dawn is breaking in the East; the great sleepy East, which the Occidental thought in his pride to have conquered by the might of arms and industry, is conquering him by the subtlety of its metaphysics.

Ever since the passing of the Victorian era of thought, our beliefs have been in a fluid state. Before they were rigid. Men did not look about them and reason, but were governed by dogmas, which they accepted without question. Then came the cynics, those moral housebreakers, who destroyed our little paradise of accepted beliefs and left our minds in a state of anarchy. Once enfranchised, we started to search for the fetters of a new creed, kneeling in our ignorance to the golden calf, and there began an age of extravagance and sensual luxury unequalled in any period of the world's history. An age glorious in invention, but barren in thought, which despises its poets, scientists, and other men of intellect, and lauds Croesus to the skies—for gold is the only standard of value by which it knows how to measure a man's personal value.

We have the spectacle of women of gentle birth parading the streets in dresses worth a king's ransom, which would have been banned as indecorous in any other period of the Christian era. We hear of twenty thousand pounds being spent upon a single pearl to adorn the faded neck of some successful pork-butcher's wife. Our young girls dance erotic Negroid and Spanish-American dances that would make a nautsch girl blush if she could. Complexity is substituted for art and not too scrupulous niceness for the drama. To please the jaded senses of those who are too effete to think, we have invented those cacophonous hotchpotches of stupidity which we call "revues," and which have driven the serious drama from the boards to starve among the other beggars of art. In our barrenness we have gone to the East for inspiration. We see a score of manifestations all round us. Plays from the Arabian Nights; Debussy, an oriental child of Chopin; our women in their dress imitating fashions of the harem. The voluptuous magnificence of the pseudo-Oriental Russian ballet made its entry amid a blare of trumpets, decked out in the vivid ugliness of Bakstian costumes. But while the eyes of the multitude have been fixed on these manifestations of all that is worst in the Orient, there has crept in among us, unnoticed and uncared for, like a beggar maid who veils her face for shame of her rags, the spiritualism of the East. She may be found, in the words of Tagore, "Among the poorest and the lowliest and the lost," and her song, though simple, is deeper than the sea, for she has wandered amid many faiths, choosing here a note and there a note, until, her melody completed, she has come to entrance the weary hearts of the West with its music. So, while the gaudy cortège of wealth and luxury is dancing to its ruin, the dawn is breaking over the Eastern hills.

SEABURY ASHMEAD-BARTLETT.

Mr. Murray is about to publish a new volume in the "Wisdom of the East" series, entitled "The Religion of the Sikhs." The author, Miss Dorothy Field, was a pupil of the late M. A. Macauliffe, the great authority on Sikhism.

The Blackmailer

WHAT the sorcerer is to a savage society the blackmailer is to a civilised community. He lives and batters on the weaknesses of his fellows—their fears of having some event in their lives, which they would sooner were buried in oblivion, proclaimed for the benefit of their enemies; their terrors of the unknown into which they may plunge if they dare challenge his powers; or their abject credulity. He is usually a coward of the poorest type, selecting for his victims those who for one reason or another he properly judges will "part" rather than fight. The highwayman was a hero and an estimable character beside him: he, at least, took serious risks to gain his nefarious end, knowing that the gallows might be his portion if he were caught. He did not work like a snake in the grass. The blackmailer—and the City of London is infested with his kind—takes a minimum of risk even as to his personal liberty, because he attacks only where there is a reasonable certainty that hands will go up at the first challenge. Occasionally he falls into a trap cleverly laid, oversteps the border-line of prudence, or wholly misjudges his man, and then there is trouble. A case in point was that disposed of last week before Mr. Justice Darling, when Edward Beal, or Boyle, or whatever the name might be, was sent to penal servitude for five years for a long series of some of the worst examples of financial bloodsucking we ever remember. There are others who are fit subjects for a similar fate. It is only necessary for one who values his future peace of mind and his fair fame more than he fears any possible consequences to his business to lay his lines skilfully, and creatures who go about the world posing as journalists will find themselves in the dock as did the notorious ex-solicitor of many aliases. Sooner or later they must surely be laid by the heels.

The energy and enterprise which are put into the running of some of these blackmailing organs are amazing—even more amazing than the same qualities in certain organs of the bucket shops. The blackmailing sheet is the very antithesis of the bucket shop journal: the latter exists to "boost" up shares in which its proprietors are interested; it is an obvious advertisement medium, mostly, of course, of goods which cannot be disposed of through legitimate channels, and it succeeds in fooling the public sufficiently to make it worth while to go on, or it would be dropped. The bucket shop organ sells a few copies to a public with an itch for speculation: the blackmailing sheet may not sell a copy, though it is part of the blackmailer's craft ostentatiously to offer it for sale as near the doorstep of the intended victim as possible. The blackmailer's methods are insidious as they are simple. He is not out, like any mere scribe of the bucket shop, to tell people how to make money, but to warn them to clear out while anything is to be saved from what he would, of course, describe as "a sheer ramp." One

fine morning one finds on the breakfast table a paper which has been sent through the post, addressed apparently by somebody who has not merely got one's name from the local directory. The paper contains a crushing criticism of a concern in which one has invested a few pounds of hard-earned savings. The disquiet one feels is qualified only by a certain curiosity as to the unknown friend to whom one is indebted for the paper. When it is realised that it comes from the office of the journal itself, and has probably been sent out broadcast, one is apt innocently to wonder why all this trouble should be taken on one's behalf by an office to which one is a complete stranger. Here surely is the very acme of philanthropy! The first food of the blackmailer is probably carrion. He seizes upon some person or company whose antecedents will not bear examination. His rag is able to show a confiding circle of gratuitous readers what a benefactor it is: it inspires confidence, and if in future any doubt is cast on its bona-fides there is always the memory that it exposed So-and-So. After this, the blackmailer can turn with assurance to some concern with which perhaps a director who has been unfortunate—and there are few greater sins than bad luck unless it be to be found out—is associated: it proceeds to suggest doubts, and to set forth the record of Mr. Timothy Tompkins Jones, a record of which he may have no real need to be ashamed, but which can be stated in terms of base insinuation. The paper containing the attack is addressed to every shareholder in the company; directors and secretary are besieged with more or less anxious and inconvenient inquiries; and those shareholders who do not think they had better clear out at any sacrifice probably start an agitation which ends disastrously.

It is all very well to say that, unless there is something against a director or a company, the attack must fail. That is a superior view which is not borne out by the observation of those who have been in a position to study the operations of the blackmailing fraternity. Unfortunately it is not always the case that, as someone has said, "Knavery is supple and can bend, but honesty is firm and upright and yields not." There is no more timorous flock of sheep, as a rule, than a body of shareholders, and directors are seldom much better than the leaders of the flock. Nor is directorial timorousness altogether unnatural. The credit of an individual or a business is as sensitive a thing as the credit of a bank. It is only necessary to set the ball of suspicion rolling, and it will accumulate mud every hour. That, at any rate, is the argument. Only bitter experience teaches that hush-money is the most fatal and the feeblest of all expedients to be adopted in the hope of warding off trouble. It is a ghastly reflection on our vaunted civilisation that the blackmailer can continue to exist for an hour. He is a social viper for whom no punishment could be too great or too ignominious. Five years' penal servitude only cages the reptile for a period; it does nothing to remove his fangs, and render him harmless when he is restored to freedom. The "cat" alone would fit the crime.

E. S.

The Theatre

Old Victories Revived

"SEALED ORDERS" AT DRURY LANE

THERE are many theatrical successes in London at present, but, as usual, when this happens, they are, like the treatment of the young lady of the cautionary story, who made so much noise, "most emphatic."

Thus the autumn drama of Mr. Cecil Raleigh and Mr. Henry Hamilton furnishes an excellent feast for the early spring season at Drury Lane. The elaborate and exciting plot, in which spies and counter-spies, love, larceny, and romance go hand in hand, had not been seen by half the enormous public there is for this sort of thing, when it was withdrawn to admit of the pantomime being made ready. "Sealed Orders" has once more been received with enthusiastic delight. Almost the same clever company appears again, and Miss Madge Fabian, Miss Fanny Brough, and Mr. Julian Royce—ah, how wicked he is!—are as welcome as ever. Mr. Kenneth Douglas is, we believe, new to Drury Lane; his personality is so powerful, yet light, that his joining of the cast alone would give fresh life, if it were required, to this admirable example of the Raleigh-Hamilton drama of to-day.

"THE MARRIAGE OF KITTY" AT THE PLAYHOUSE

WE regret the sudden disappearance of "Thank Your Ladyship," but Miss Tempest provides us with a delightful compensation. Mr. Cosmo Gordon Lennox's version of the comedy by M. de Grésac and M. de Croisset is fast crystallising into a classic. So long as Miss Tempest plays, "The Marriage of Kitty" will always be one of her sure things of the theatre.

On the present occasion Mr. Graham Browne acts the part of the curious husband, Sir Reginald Belsize, who is eventually won by the wise and witty Kitty. When we saw it, he played with an amount of restlessness and rather pointless humour very unusual in this accomplished actor; but perhaps that has now passed, and the excellent piece of comedy is run easily and to constant laughter. Almost everybody has seen "The Marriage," but only those who now go to the Playhouse can realise the fullness and depth of art with which Miss Tempest is enabled to endow the leading character. The passage of time has immensely improved her reading of the part; each time we see her Kitty the subtlety and cunning of her art is redoubled.

"A SOCIAL SUCCESS" AT THE ST. JAMES'S

THIS delicious satire on modern life, by Mr. Max Beerbohm, which had altogether too short a run at the Palace Theatre, is just the thing to put one in the right mood to see "The Two Virtues" at the St. James's. Sir George Alexander has given up his part

of the amusing Tommy, who cheats a little at cards with the view of escaping from his social friends, only to find himself forgiven again and again and involved in all sorts of awkward intrigues. Mr. Reginald Owen now plays the part with perfect ease and success, and all the other characters prove to be as delightfully comic, in their delicate satiric ways, as when we first welcomed this one-act play of wit and fancy all compact.

"THE EVER OPEN DOOR" AT THE ALDWYCH

THAT there should still be a large public anxious to see such a work as this by Mr. George R. Sims and Mr. H. H. Herbert is one of the deeper mysteries of the history of the modern stage. "The Ever Open Door" dates in a most candid way from twenty and thirty and forty years ago, and, judging by the brave way in which all the characters are acted and the artificial lines spoken, it is proud of its qualities of eld. Miss Hilda Spong and Mr. Ernest Selig are in their old—ah, how old!—parts, but there are some blithe new-comers, all of whom fit into the antique mosaic that has been arranged for them with infinite exactitude.

Many Plays in a Little Space

MISS WILLOUGHBY'S PRODUCTIONS AT COSMOPOLIS

AMONG the four short plays produced here the other day, mid snow and ice, "The Choice," by Mrs. Aston, proved to be by far the most attractive. The author is, perhaps, new to this kind of work, so that it is only natural that she should have chosen an old theme and treated it in a conventional way. But for those who have not seen very many plays there is much that is neat and effective in "The Choice" which a brilliant young barrister has to make between the mistress he loves and his career which greatly interests him. His wife, whom he has rather forgotten, happens to be bound up in his career.

As Jack Vayne, the hero, Mr. Heath Haviland gave a distinguished and highly interesting sketch of the lawyer who has to make a hurried choice and plumps for his career in a moment. The lady who loved him was just a little bit conventional in Miss Willoughby's hands, but the wife of Miss Edith Carter and the servant of Miss Virginia Seagrave were highly admirable performances. Miss Inez Bensusan, who is so clever as the old Jewess in "The Melting Pot," presented us with a little play, "The Prodigal Passes," which failed to interest us. The other short pieces are not, we fear, likely to be of much use to the many people who are looking out for something of this sort that will succeed.

AT THE COURT THEATRE

MRS. WALDEMAR LEVERTON has produced lately a large number of one-act plays, many of which have proved

very successful. Unfortunately, the three we saw recently were not remarkably engaging or fresh. "Susan's Mother," by Miss Dorothea Cross, in which Miss Muriel Martin Harvey played one Susan, and a small Pekingese played another lady of the same name, was neither very fresh in idea nor brilliantly acted.

"Per Pro Simon," by Mr. Herbert Spence, had some amusing moments, and gave an excellent opportunity to Mr. Cyril Ashford, who, as a rather foolish old manservant, tries to help forward the fortunes of his master, the unsuccessful Dr. John Barford, Mr. Lacey Mills.

"A Writer of Plays," by Miss E. Notrevel, showed us a rather poor version of that old friend of playgoers, "A Pantomime Rehearsal." However, it appeared to give a good deal of pleasure to the several ladies and gentlemen who took part in its long-drawn humours.

We look forward to happier afternoons with the "Leverton Players"; for they are certainly an earnest company, who come freshly and with enthusiasm to the difficult art of the stage.

Also at the Court Theatre we recently saw two plays by Mr. Arthur Applin. The first, "Le Rêve," gave us Miss Edith Olive as Ninon, a lady of the town who in a dream receives her once-devoted lover of other days. She is the only actor on the stage, although the audience understands that the concierge of her flat, a Man, and Another man call to her from without. After her passionate scene with her imaginary visitor she awakes and with due explanation ends her own life. It is not a very purposeful or entertaining affair, but it gives Miss Olive the chance of displaying her mastery of a very difficult piece of stage work.

This rather uphill attempt to transform a sort of recitation into a play was followed by a comedy in three acts, which the author calls—

"RAGS."

There is much good work in this and much that the clever writer will, we fancy, make even better. Miss Gillian Scaiffe as Lady Hetty Loring, who goes down to the depths of poverty in the hope of helping the world, gave a wonderfully sustained and powerful performance. As her father, the Earl of Borneham, Mr. Fred Lewis amused us with a lively improvement on his character of the duke in Mr. Chesterton's play.

But the most real and valuable work in "Rags" was done by Mr. Edmund Breon as Billy, an East-end bully and burglar, with some pleasant impulses. The play is just good enough to make us wish that it were a trifle better, in which case it would, we believe, have a very good chance of a run in town.

EGAN MEW.

The Social Research Prize of £100, offered through the Governors of the London School of Economics by an anonymous donor, has been awarded to Reginald Vivian Lennard, M.A. (Oxford), for an essay on the question: "Whether, and if so under what circumstances and to what extent, the agricultural industry as it is or as it might be carried on in Great Britain could afford higher wages to those engaged in it."

At St. Stephen's Shrine

BY A REGULAR DEVOTEE

A VERY able member of the House of Commons, who had a vile temper, and who could be very rude on occasions, was once described by a friend as a perfect encyclopædia of information. "Yes," said a colleague who stood by, "but very roughly bound." Winston is very roughly bound; he also can be very rude on occasions, and he does not take any trouble to find out the names of his supporters. Once, when he first attempted to enter Parliament, he was staying at a country house during an election, and was usually late for all meals. He excused himself in an airy way to his hostess by explaining "that unpunctuality was the impertinence of politicians." This was on a par with his insolent description of a lie as "a terminological inexactitude." Winston's best friends could not say that his manners are polished.

On Wednesday he deliberately went out of his way to be rude to Lord Charles Beresford, who, when all is said and done, is the only admiral we have in the House, who is in the autumn of his days and has fought for his country and spent the whole of his life in and for the Navy.

Churchill went out as Beresford rose. The latter, by the way, is not bound in velvet himself when nettled, and naturally complained.

"I do not think it civil either to the House or myself," said Beresford. "Why, I was here before he was born! In 1879 I was fighting for better conditions for men on the lower deck when he was at the business end of a feeding-bottle!" Lambert was sent to look for Churchill, who came back looking very ill-tempered.

Lord Charles cut Winston's speech to pieces; he bluntly said that he did not believe that the Admiralty had the oil stored that he pretended; or that Germany was using coal and not oil; it was all balderdash. Lord Charles wanted an Imperial Committee to be called together to consider a scheme of defence for the Empire, to examine what we have, what we want, why we want it, and what it will cost.

Winston yawned ostentatiously more than once, until Lord Charles said he and some of his friends had been able to see a long way down the right honourable gentleman's throat.

Philip Snowden made a long and cutting speech on the armaments ring, giving names, dates, and figures, and accusing well-known firms of employing ex-confidential servants of the State for the sake of their inside knowledge, and supplying warships and guns to our possible foes. It was an able indictment.

In the evening there was a motion about our naval policy in the Mediterranean.

Thursday, the 19th, will possibly prove one of the most historic nights in the House of Commons. It was the day granted by the Government for the vote of censure of the Opposition. The House was crowded, and there were signs at question time

that the temper of the Opposition was rising; it was felt that a spark might fire the gunpowder at any moment.

The complaint we had against Asquith was this: when he made his offer about the six years' exclusion, he promised to supply further details. This we contend he never did. The White Paper he laid upon the table was what Hope called "a stump."

Bonar Law was studiously moderate in his opening speech. He said that, as it was obvious that the Government would not or could not accept the arbitration of a General Election, he therefore deliberately offered to refer the question to a referendum of the United Kingdom and abide by the result. He said this with the approval of Lord Lansdowne and the other leaders of the Opposition.

Asquith slowly rose to reply. He asked the House to make allowance for his indisposition. He admitted the reasonable and moderate tone of Bonar Law, then, leaning over the table, he subjected Bonar Law to a searching cross-examination.

The House watched the duel with a strained eagerness, not to miss a word or a gesture. Consider for a moment how the antagonists were matched. On one side was the Prime Minister, who was the elder of the two, a lawyer of renown, skilled in cross-examination, with nearly thirty years' experience of the House of Commons, and who was a member of a Ministry over twenty years ago.

Facing him was a Glasgow iron merchant who only entered the House fourteen years ago, whose brilliant ability had recently placed him at the head of his party, but who had never had the opportunity of Cabinet experience.

Beside Bonar Law sat his trusty henchmen, Carson, Long, and Austin, but he could not turn to any of them; he had to answer on the spur of the moment, "Yea" or "Nay." I would not have been in his place for the crown of England.

Asquith took hold of one point in his speech as to the possible action of the Army: "Who was to be the judge; the soldier, the officer, or the general? Such a proposition as that seems to strike at the very root of society."

It seemed a poser, and we waited breathlessly for the reply. Bonar Law made answer:

"The question, surely, whether it is or is not a civil war is generally decided by both combatants. For instance, in the American War the South was regarded not as rebels, but as combatants. That is the distinction."

"Did the right hon. gentleman mean the Bill as it stood, or the Bill plus the offer of the six-years' exclusion?"

Bonar Law said the latter.

"If the Referendum proved in favour of Home Rule, did it carry with it the authority, if necessary, to coerce Ulster?"

There was another pause. My mouth went suddenly dry. How much further was he going?

Bonar nodded assent.

Asquith, with a light of triumph in his eyes, went on: "Should the referendum be taken on single or plural voting?"

We gasped again as the singular *viva-voce* examination proceeded. Bonar Law said he would be quite willing to accept it without any plural voting. How much further was he going? There were half-stifled exclamations all round.

Asquith then swung round to Carson. "Would Ulster accept?" The answer came back like a flash of lightning.

"Let the prime Minister make a firm offer, and I will answer." And a tremendous roar went up from the Opposition.

"It is not my offer," said Asquith, rather discomfited. "No," said Carson, quoting a favourite answer of the Prime Minister at question time; "it is a hypothetical question."

In the end Asquith declined the offer. He was shuffling as he had shuffled over the details of his compromise, and when he asked those questions he had no intention of accepting the offer; he only hoped to try to make Bonar Law hesitate and look foolish, and he failed; and I never admired Bonar Law so much. He had made up his mind, shown broad generosity and masterful statesmanship at a moment's notice.

Carson made a farewell speech, saying, "I am of no further use here; my place is in Belfast."

Joe Devlin followed, and accused Carson of once being a Home Ruler, and abandoning it because he thought he could make more at the Bar as a Unionist.

"It is an infamous lie," said Carson. It was quite a minute and a half before the Speaker could intervene on account of the uproar. In deference to the Speaker Carson withdrew, and substituted for his description that of "wilful falsehood," which the Speaker wisely let pass, at the same time asking members on both sides to avoid personalities, as "they were approaching," he added, very, very gravely, "a serious climax in the affairs of our country."

We all stood and cheered Carson when he left.

The rest of the debate is not worth recording, even if I had the space. The division was a bad one for us, but many Ulstermen and others were absent who had not taken the trouble to pair.

Archer-Shee had a row with Flavin in the Lobby, and nearly came to blows.

To keep up my character as a regular devotee, I attended on Friday, but it was difficult to turn aside from Home Rule even to discuss such an urgent question as housing. Griffiths Boscawen again brought forward his Bill, which is a carefully thought-out measure drafted by the Unionist Social Reformers.

Boscawen proved that Lloyd George's legislation had killed all building enterprise, and hence there was an enormous shortage of cottages, with all the attendant horrors of overcrowding and immorality.

But, bless you, the Radicals were not having any! They were not going to be such fools as to allow the

Unionists the credit of trying to settle this question. Not a bit of it; they refused to give any money.

Samuel promised Forster he would only speak for five-and-twenty minutes, and allow him half an hour in which to wind up; but he spoke for an hour, and the handsome member for Sevenoaks had only three minutes left for his speech.

However, he got in one or two good body blows. "You have given our Bill lip-service and stabbed it in the back." "If you believe all you say, why don't you vote against the Bill here and now? But you daren't."

And they did not. The Bill was read a second time, but everybody knew it was dead. It will be deliberately overlaid by the Radicals, who prefer to talk about the bad housing conditions rather than allow the Opposition the credit of trying to remedy them.

On Monday a fresh scene was set in the absorbing drama now being enacted before our eyes at Westminster.

During the week-end it had come out that a large number of officers of the Army in Ireland had declined to serve against Ulster, and that they had been told to resign.

Seely began by reading out a bald statement saying it was all due to a misunderstanding that had now been put right. Explanations had been given and all the officers had returned to duty.

Bonar Law took the almost unprecedented course of demanding that ordinary business should be set aside and the matter considered forthwith; this was agreed to. Sir Arthur Paget, the brother of our Almeric, had called his officers together, and one of them had taken down in writing what he said. He said he had "received instructions from Col. Seely which he expected would put the country in a blaze by Saturday." Bonar Law pushed the quarto piece of paper on which the type-written report appeared across to the Prime Minister for his inspection.

The sensation caused in the House can scarcely be described; Seely spoke rapidly under his breath to the Prime Minister, whose face assumed a leaden colour. Bonar Law calmly went on with his indictment. General Gough, one of the chief recalcitrants, had been summoned to London and a successor appointed; after the interview he had been reinstated. Asquith replied, and he had never been in a tighter corner. He reiterated the "misunderstanding" explanation. Valuable stores, guns, cartridges, etc., had been left unprotected, and it was natural that these should be guarded; it was merely a peace movement. It was true certain officers whose families resided in the disaffected provinces had asked to be relieved of their duties, and he thought it a very good idea.

This rallied the Labour men to his side. "No more soldiers to be sent to shoot down strikers in the district where they live." Certainly not, Asquith agreed. A successor had been appointed to General Gough in case he did not return. The whole speech sounded most unconvincing; everything pointed to the fact that what

had been intended was not police work, but the coercion of Ulster by force, and but for the fact that the Generals had refused, it is clear to us it would have been attempted. Then Balfour rose like a tower; he seemed to look taller and more graceful than ever. With an air of detachment he described the recent events. He backed up Bonar Law's view of the rights of soldiers in a situation so unparalleled. Gough resigned because he would not fight against Ulster—he resigned, and a successor was appointed, “in case he did not come back”; and yet he was allowed to go back in spite of his declaration that he would not fight against Ulster! The Government had failed in the attempt, and the faces of the Ministers showed it more clearly than any words. Some of the Little Englanders had something to say, but the majority turned into the Lobby to talk over the amazing events of the afternoon, and the House adjourned early.

Gough comes of a family of soldiers; more than one of his brothers has won the V.C., and he himself is one of the bravest of the brave. It is lucky there was such a man resolute enough to grasp the nettle and dare all. It may be proved in years to come that his gallant stand saved the situation and prevented civil war.

On Tuesday the scene was like a country dance. It was “sides to the middle” with a vengeance. The plot having failed, everybody attacked everybody else. As the Army Vote was down for the day, we naturally suggested it would be a good opportunity to discuss the whole situation, but Asquith was much too wary to do this. He said he did not want any more “misunderstandings”; he would lay the whole papers on the table by Wednesday morning, and the matter could be just as easily discussed on the Consolidated Vote in the afternoon. He was deluged with questions—asked for everything—written instructions—oral instructions—instructions by Seely and instructions by Winston. He declined to give oral instructions, because oral instructions could not be put into the document; at which we shouted, “Why not?” I think he cynically intended to suggest we would not believe the document prepared under such circumstances.

Ward got up and blazed away, attacking the King in a very daring manner for interfering, but, as Lord Robert Cecil caustically put it, “although John Ward may shout, he has not the courage to vote,” and “revolutionaries are not made of that kind of clay.” There is no doubt about it—the Radical Party are now bent upon trying to drag his Majesty into the affair. Last week it was Home Rule; this week it is the Army; and next week, if I mistake not, in their frantic efforts to escape from the errors they have made, it will be the Monarchy.

Dr. Bradley's preface to the second half of Vol. VIII of the “Oxford English Dictionary,” to be published this week, announces that Mr. C. T. Onions will edit independently the words beginning with SU-SZ. Mr. Onions has served about twenty years on the dictionary under Sir James Murray and Dr. Bradley.

Literary Competition

THIRD WEEK.

DURING the thirteen weeks from March 14 to June 6 THE ACADEMY will print each week a passage from some more or less well-known author whose work is generally easily accessible either on the bookshelves at home or in the popular libraries published to-day—such libraries as Dent's Everyman's or Macmillan's Eversley Series or the Popular Editions of Standard Works issued by Messrs. G. Bell and Sons, or a series such as Jack's Popular Books. Perhaps here and there an excerpt may be taken from a volume not quite so readily to hand, but for the most part the source will be wholly popular, if classic. All we promise is that nothing will appear which cannot be traced by inquiry among reading friends or a little research such as delights the true book-lover.

Thirteen quotations will appear, and to those of our readers who send in the most correct list of names of authors and titles of works, and the two next best lists, we offer a First Prize of £5, a Second Prize of £3, and a Third Prize of £2.

All competitors have to do is to fill in the Coupon given below, and after the completion of the series forward the thirteen Coupons to the Competition Editor, THE ACADEMY, 63, Lincoln's Inn Fields, London, W.C. Results must reach us by first post on June 15, and the awards will be announced, we hope, in our issue of June 20, or, at the latest, of June 27.

It must be understood that the Editor's decision is final, and that he claims the right, in the event of a tie, to divide the prizes as he thinks proper.

QUOTATION III.

The vagrancy laws of the late reign were said to have failed from over-severity. Although whipping, branding, or even hanging were not considered penalties in themselves too heavy for the sturdy and valiant rascal who refused to be reformed; yet through “foolish pity of them that should have seen the laws executed,” there had been no hanging and very little whipping, and vagrancy was more troublesome than ever. Granting that it was permissible to treat the vagabond as a criminal in an age when transportation did not exist, and when public works on which he could be employed at the cost of government were undertaken but rarely, the question what to do with him in such a capacity was a hard one. The compulsory idleness of a life in gaol was at once expensive and useless; and practically the choice lay between no punishment at all, the cart's tail, and the gallows. The Protector, although his scheme proved a failure, may be excused, therefore, for having invented an arrangement, the worst feature of which was an offensive name; and which, in fact, resembled the system which, till lately, was in general use in our own penal colonies.

The object was, if possible, to utilise the rascal part of the population, who were held to have forfeited, if not their lives, yet their liberties. A servant determinately idle, leaving his work, or an able-bodied vagrant, roaming the country without means of honest self-support and without seeking employment, was to be brought before the two nearest magistrates. “On proof of the idle living of the said person,” he was to be branded on the breast, where the mark would be concealed by his clothes, with the letter V, and adjudged to some honest neighbour as “a slave,” “to have and to hold the said slave for the space of two years then next following”; “and to order the said slave as follows”: that is to say, “To take such person adjudged as slave with him, and only giving the said slave bread and water, or small drink, and such refuse of meat as he shall think meet, to cause the said slave to work.” If mild measures failed, if the slave was still idle or ran away, he was to be marked on the cheek or forehead with an S, and be adjudged a slave for life. If finally refractory, then and then only he might be tried and sentenced as a felon.

“THE ACADEMY” COMPETITION.

Author's name.....
Quotation taken from.....
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Address.....
Coupon 3, March 28, 1914.

* * Copies of the issues dated March 14 and 21, containing the first two quotations, may be obtained (price 7d. post free) by new readers desirous of taking part in the Competition.

Notes and News

Mr. Fisher Unwin publishes this week the first six volumes of a new and cheap edition of the "Pseudonym Library." This library was started by Mr. Unwin some thirty years ago to contain the mass of good material too short to be issued in novel form, and too long for the "short story," which was continually passing through his hands. For many years the slim volumes were very familiar, and fifty-five of them in all were issued before the supply of good material seemed to have been exhausted.

Interest will be taken in the début at Bechstein Hall, on the afternoon of March 31, of Miss Gabrielle Vallings, a great-niece of Charles and Henry Kingsley and a cousin of Lucas Malet (Mrs. St. Leger Harrison). Though barely twenty, Miss Vallings is an exceptionally clever dancer, a talented dramatic actress, and the possessor of a well-trained soprano voice. Miss Vallings is an enthusiastic admirer of the modern school of music, especially of Debussy and of Carpentier, and she believes that music and literature are becoming more and more closely allied.

In the Fine Art Palace of the Anglo-American Exposition at Shepherd's Bush, which is to be open from May to October, there will be three sections devoted to the Fine Art of America. These will be made up of exhibits by American artists residing in the United States, Paris, and London. The committee for those in London is composed of Messrs. Paul W. Bartlett, J. McClure Hamilton, Joseph Pennell, and J. S. Sargent, R.A. The honorary secretary, Mr. Joseph Pennell, desires it to be made known that any American artists in London, not having received an invitation to exhibit, can receive full information as to conditions on application by post to him at 3, Adelphi Terrace House, Robert Street, Strand, W.C.

For some numbers past, *Science Progress* has been asking for information regarding the emoluments of scientific workers, and the April number will begin with a strong article entitled "Sweating the Scientist." It compares the rate of payment for science with similar rates for other professions, and attacks abuses such as the giving of university honours for work unconnected with science, art, or learning, and the trick by which Governments obtain scientific advice for nothing. An editorial note deals equally strongly with party politicians and the sale of State honours. The body of the number contains important reviews, several papers on physics, an interesting biography of Professor John Milne, the seismologist, a paper on "The Influence of Science in Modern Poetry," and a polemic on psychical research.

The *Hamburger Echo* (Social Democratic) for March 11 has a long article on "The Conflict of British-German Interests," severely condemning the parties responsible for the promulgation of "this most errone-

ous notion," which is responsible for the enormous increase in armaments, the constant political crises, the intrigues between the Great Powers, and the continuous check to economic development which follows in their train. Referring to the recent official report on the British-German Conference in London last spring, and in especial to Professor Rathgen's speech delivered on that occasion, the *Hamburger Echo* avers that his clear and concise statements must convince even the most ardent supporter of the "theory of a conflict of interests between Germany and England" of the fallaciousness of this theory.

The Manchester University Press will publish on March 31 "*Chronica Johannis de Reading et Anonymi Cantuariensis*," edited, with an introduction and copious notes, by Professor James Tait. Although both these chronicles of the reign of Edward III are known to historians, they have not previously been printed *in extenso*. Reading has often been consulted, and its importance recognised for some time as one of the sources of the St. Albans chronicle of Thomas Walsingham and of the continuation of the English Brut, but the full extent of the indebtedness of subsequent compilers to it and the value of the messages which they ignored have not hitherto been appreciated. The Canterbury Chronicle has not attracted the attention of any historian since Wharton's time, and, although less interesting than Reading as a source of other chronicles, this to a certain extent is compensated by the greater novelty of its matter.

Mr. William Barnes Steveni, a well-known authority on Russia and its resources, gave a lecture on "England's Early Trade Relation with Scandinavia, Russia, and Central Asia in Saxon Times," at the March meeting of the Anglo-Russian Literary Society, Imperial Institute. Mr. E. A. Cazalet, the president, occupied the chair. The lecturer, who had resided for over a quarter of a century in various parts of the Russian Empire, showed what extensive trade was carried on, by means of the River Volga, between Anglo-Saxon England, Scandinavia, Russia, and Central Asia with the aid of the "Osterlings," the Arabs from Bagdad, and the countries east of the Caspian Sea. The Island of Gothland, in the Baltic Sea, with its capital Wisby, now in decay, was then the commercial London of Europe, before its trade was finally superseded by the Hanseatic League. Mr. Steveni traced the old trade routes by means of the great number of coins, both Anglo-Saxon and Arabic, discovered along the lines of commerce, viz., South Sweden, Gothland, Petersburg, Ladoga, Novgorod the Great, the Upper Volga, Old Bulgaria on the same river, and the towns along the Caspian Sea. The lecture was a revelation to many who had no idea that there existed such an extensive trade with Russia and the East prior to the Conquest. The so-called free commercial republics in Russia, Novgorod, Pskov, etc., originally founded by the Vikings of the North, who even gave Russia her name, were in later times ruthlessly destroyed by Ivan the Terrible, scores of thousands of people being drowned in the rivers.

Imperial and Foreign Affairs

BY LANCELOT LAWTON

ALLIANCE OR ENTENTE?

IN the course of a recent utterance in the House of Commons Sir Edward Grey made it clear that Great Britain was perfectly satisfied with the present system of grouping the Powers, and that she did not intend to convert any existing Ententes into Alliances. Thus once again he has subscribed to the traditional policy of Downing Street, which has always aimed at maintaining unimpaired the balance of power in Europe. It was not to be denied that a very strong school of political thought, with adherents not only in England but also in the countries friendly to ourselves, persistently advocate the wisdom of converting the Triple Entente into an alliance. The arguments advanced in support of this plan are weighty, but, let us say at the outset, not sufficiently so to warrant the desired change. For example, it is asserted that the Entente lacks the force of cohesion, that it has no clearly defined scheme of diplomacy, and that, as a consequence, whenever questions of European concern arise, its action is only determined at the last moment. So soon as negotiations are set on foot between the Chancelleries of Europe, these drawbacks, it is contended, manifest themselves to a serious extent; and were a crisis calling for prompt military co-operation to occur, then the confusion would be little short of calamitous. The blame for the deficiencies here described is laid almost exclusively at the door of Great Britain. We are told that our friends cannot wholly depend upon our support in any and all circumstances that may present themselves. In other words, we are accused of claiming the full advantages of friendship, while proffering in return an altogether non-committal promise that we will lend our aid only in cases where we approve of the cause.

It is no secret that the highest authorities, both in France and Russia, would like to see the Triple Entente become an alliance. We must recognise that their motives originate in patriotism of the purest kind. But we are bound to follow their example and regard the question from our own point of view. France and Russia are Continental countries, with ideas of government altogether different from those prevailing in England, maintaining vast conscript armies, and having land frontiers conterminous with those of Germany, who is reputed to be the strongest military Power in Europe. France and Russia are therefore indispensable to each other. By reason of geographical situation and political irreconcilabilities of a fundamental nature, it is open to considerable doubt whether the two Powers alluded to will ever be on terms of real cordiality with their great neighbour and her Ally, Austria. Bosnia and Herzegovina have proved to be to Russia very much what Alsace and Lorraine are to the French. Viewing world policy as a whole, it is apparent that the interests of Great Britain are in the main consistent with the aims of the Triple Entente. To understand the truth of this statement it is neces-

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sary to proceed further and define the interests of Great Britain. Primarily, of course, we are concerned with securing the peace. By going to war we have nothing to gain and everything to lose. We believe that our end may best be served by preserving the equilibrium of power in Europe, and, as questions of international disagreement become evident, examining these calmly and judiciously so that our weight may be thrown into the right side of the scales, either in the form of wise counsel to our friends or of firm representation to the Powers in the opposing camp.

The advocates of alliance should pause to contemplate the actual consequences that would attend the realisation of their hopes. An alliance, to be effective, must be offensive as well as defensive. An alliance, moreover, such as that wished for, cannot be restricted in character; its scope must embrace the whole world. To attempt the creation of an instrument of this kind, which would necessarily involve an explicit definition of the interests of all three contracting parties in every part of the globe, would constitute a stupendous task, one which the writer ventures to think would baffle even the greatest intellects contemporary statesmanship can command. For all three Powers are in the strictest sense of the term World Powers, a designation the significance of which does not apply, so far as the Triple Alliance is concerned, to Italy and Austria. England's Treaty with Japan was only made possible because its practical operations were limited to the Far East. France and Russia, as we have said, are tied together because of mutual interests intimately connected with their Continental situation. Whatever help they may lend us in time of crisis will, no doubt, be of tremendous utility. But as an Island Power, dependent solely for existence upon supremacy at sea, we cannot, and ought not to count the assistance of others in the development of High Strategy.

We are forced, then, to the conclusion that to oppose the existing Triple Alliance with another Triple Alliance could not have results other than disastrous. For it would virtually mean the division of the nations into two antagonistic Powers with no mediatory bridge to span their differences. In that event every issue that arose between individual nations would become the cause of the group to which they belonged; and, what is no less important, the individual Powers composing the two groups would be compelled to pool all their interests with those of their friends while having no right of assertion against them, just in the same way as they would not be able to enter into isolated negotiation with their diplomatic opponents. The first sign of any movement in this direction would naturally stiffen the existing Triple Alliance. England then would not be able to come to a friendly arrangement with Germany as she is doing at present. Viewed from another aspect, also, the suggested strengthening of the Entente appears to be impracticable. An alliance such as has been proposed would argue mutual confidence of the closest description. The separate foreign policies of the three Powers concerned would have to be merged into one

common policy, and in the present state of parliamentary institutions in this country we cannot see how it would be possible to conclude an effective arrangement on these lines.

England, on her part, clearly cannot permit the issue of peace and war, in which is bound up her own existence, to be even partially in the keeping of other Powers. Again, the further question arises as to how it would be possible to get complete agreement among the Allies at all times. In what way would a decision be arrived at as to whether any set of circumstances constituted *casus belli*? For instance, would England be prepared to defend exclusively Russian interests in the Balkans, or French interests in Africa? On the other hand, could we reasonably expect Russia and France to come to our aid were we to have a difference with Germany in regard to which they looked upon our policy as provocative? Yet were Germany to seize upon some problem that concerned one Power, but was remote from the other two Powers composing the group now known as the Triple Entente, her ultimate object being to win for herself the hegemony of Europe, then common action against a common foe would obviously be justified. To that extent an alliance of interest already exists in the Entente, and Germany is well aware of the fact. Any extension of the principle thus expressed might well have evil result of a twofold nature: both groups would be encouraged to indulge in assertive diplomacy, and conceivably any one Power might be induced to embark upon an adventurous policy, thus compelling friendly nations to come into its service.

If England is to maintain her influence in Europe she must at all costs preserve her liberty of action. But in doing so there is no reason why she *should* not lean towards France and Russia, nations whose declared policy, generally speaking, is in accord with her own. So far, in spite of criticism, we may say that the Entente has not been without its tangible benefits to our friends. France is firmly established in Morocco, Russia in Mongolia and Northern Persia; while the Slav cause is in the ascendant in the Near East. Throughout the prolonged crisis only recently terminated Great Britain, by reason of the disinterested, though none the less active, part she played, received the gratitude of the whole world. Perhaps to-morrow other Powers will find themselves so placed as to be able to confer a similar benefit upon mankind. Why, then, should we abandon a tried system that has upheld peace, in favour of an experimental arrangement which would divide Europe into two permanently hostile groups? It is nowhere pretended, apart from the idea of alliance, that any better alternative to the Entente can be devised. The Entente has stood the test of experience. It is founded, much in the same way as any alliance would be, exclusively upon a community of interests, and it will remain in being so long as these interests endure, not a day longer. The question of military co-operation in certain contingencies, which has been raised, may well be left to the foresight of the General Staffs of the nations concerned.

MOTORING

IT is frequently remarked that touring by motor-cycle is not so popular as it was a few years ago. If this is true it is to be regretted, as there is no more enjoyable or cheaper means of exploring the country than by the mechanically-propelled two-wheeler. And it should not be overlooked that touring by motor-cycle is vastly easier and more pleasant than it used to be—lighter and quieter machines, stouter tyres and improved roads have all conduced to eliminate or modify the drawbacks which were undoubtedly associated with the sport in the earlier days of motor cycling. With the modern machine and an adequate up-to-date equipment, every contingency—except the weather—can be provided against, and there is little doubt that this year the motor cycle will be more in evidence on the roads than ever. The time is now ripe for those who contemplate spending the Easter holidays a-wheel to begin their preparations—to map out the route, and to overhaul the machine if an old one, or adjust it if new. In this work, the latest edition of "All about Dunlop Tyres," a well-illustrated booklet of 64 pages, which has just been issued by the Dunlop Rubber Company, will be found helpful. It gives all necessary information about tyres and accessories, and "speed" cyclists will find it particularly useful. A copy may be had free on application at any Dunlop depot.

The forthcoming Light Car Reliability Trial, the rules for which have just been issued, should prove of exceptional interest and value, inasmuch as it will show what advances have been made in the direction of removing the main point of criticism with regard to this type of motor vehicle—the inability to withstand prolonged hard work without mechanical trouble. The trial is confined to cars weighing not more than 1,500 lbs., and of an engine cylinder capacity not exceeding 1,400 c.c. There will be four classes—A, B, C, and D—cost price being the basis of classification. Those in Class A are to be listed at not more than 150 guineas, in Class B 175 guineas, Class C 200 guineas, and Class D any price over 200 guineas. The trial is to extend over six days, and the whole will be a non-stop event, no car being eligible for award unless it completes the 12 non-stop runs—six before lunch and six after lunch—in the six days. Particulars will be taken of the time occupied in the replenishing of petrol and oil tanks, washing, etc., and of the time taken in the hill climbs. The entrance fee up to noon on Saturday, April 11, is ten guineas per car for all classes, and after that 15 guineas up to noon on the following Saturday—the latest time any entry will be received.

Sooner or later "self-starters" for motor-cars are bound to supersede the clumsy and to some extent dangerous handle-turning method, and it will surprise many motorists to learn to what a degree of practical utility and reliability these devices have attained. The R.A.C. has just issued a "certificate of performance," summing up the results of an official test of one of these devices—the North-East Starter and Lighter—

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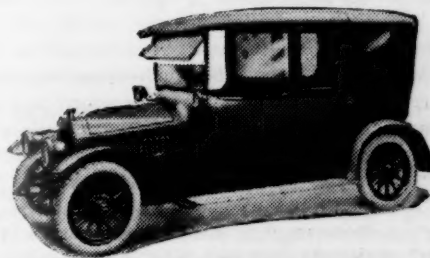
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which proves that American ingenuity has overcome whatever difficulties there were in employing electricity for starting the engine from the driver's seat. The main facts embodied in the official report are that on six consecutive days the tested device started the engine from cold in the morning, the maximum time on any one of these occasions being under 15 seconds, and that on each of these days a further 249 consecutive self-starts were made, the total maximum time occupied in making 250 starts being 13½ minutes. This means that all the starts were practically instantaneous. The entrants of the invention are to be congratulated on having succeeded in demonstrating beyond a doubt that their device can be relied upon to do its work at all times and under any conditions. A big step has been made in the way of removing almost the last important drawback associated with the modern car.

Many motorists are at a loss to understand why the ban placed by the R.A.C. upon Victor tyres at the time of the unfortunate controversy over the memorable test was not removed long ago, and there is considerable indignation—even in the ranks of the Club itself—at what unprejudiced outsiders must regard as grossly unfair treatment. The following letter, addressed to us by Col. Templer—a well-known member of the R.A.C. and of the Test Committee—is representative of the feeling entertained by many members of the Club with regard to this matter:—

I am very much concerned to note that Victor tyres are still banned by the R.A.C. As a member of the Test Committee, the progress of the controversy between the Victor Tyre Company was of profound interest to me, and I distinctly remember the Chairman and the Secretary of the R.A.C. inviting Mr. Yarworth Jones to a luncheon to "bury the hatchet." Later, a statement was published over the name of the editor and proprietor of a well-known motoring paper, who was also present at the luncheon, that Mr. Yarworth Jones had generously agreed to write a certain letter to the Club, which was to be read at its Annual General Meeting to soothe the unrest of many of the members, who were very far from satisfied with the action of the executive. Mr. Orde, the Secretary of the R.A.C., was reported to have said at the luncheon that the test was a "perfectly fair and splendidly organised trial." In my recollection it was distinctly understood that the ban would be removed from Victor tyres when the much-wished-for letter had been received, and I concluded therefore that the Club had accepted the opportunity of gracefully and with dignity withdrawing from a position which was so illogical, unreasonable, and unfair. Why is such a condition of things allowed to continue? Is the "premier motoring organisation of the world" losing its sap? Are the tango teas, etc., undermining its constitution?

Without entering into the merits of the original dispute between the Club and the Victor Company, it may be said at once that there cannot be any valid reason for the continued banning of a tyre which has abundantly demonstrated its right to rank as one of the very best on the market, and until the Club abandons its present policy it must expect criticism of a very unpleasant nature.

In the Temple of Mammon

The City Editor will be pleased to answer all financial queries by return of post if correspondents enclose a stamped addressed envelope. Such queries must be sent to the City Offices, 15, Copthall Avenue, E.C.

THE stock market thinks that the politician is bluffing; that a general election must come, and that the Conservatives will return to office; therefore the dealers have marked up prices. Everyone is short; there is no "bull" account, and the market is ripe for a rise. Whether it will come depends upon many things, and to prophesy a boom would be rash; but it seems quite certain that quotations will keep hard for some days. The public does not buy, but it does not sell. The Belgian loan has come out, and the lists were closed in an hour, the issue being largely over-subscribed. The Greek loan is promised for next week. Whether the People's Trust went is perhaps doubtful, and in spite of the excellent Board, it is doubtful whether the Papua Company got any money. Various new issues are on the tapis. A strange Cuban concern will offer its shares, but certainly no one should subscribe; those at the back of it are not to my taste. The Dominion Trust now offer 5 per cent. guaranteed investment certificates; this is one of the biggest Trust companies in Canada. The City of Winnipeg also offer £1,150,000 4½ per cent. inscribed stock at 98.

MONEY.—Once again the bulk of the gold in the market has gone to Russia and Germany. These two countries are building up an enormous gold reserve; if they continue to buy all the gold in the market, the City will become nervous. On March 15, 1912, the Reichsbank held £45,000,000; this year on the same date the amount was £66,000,000. Russia in 1912 only had £148,373,000; this year her stock of gold was £178,689,000. France in 1912 had about £130,000,000; she now holds £145,000,000. The increases are really serious, especially as our own bank does not increase at anything like the same ratio. No one knows what our Joint Stock banks hold; the figures are never published. Great Britain should certainly strengthen her gold position. There is little chance of the bank rate moving either one way or the other. Some people believe that money will be very much easier in April, but I see no prospect of a fall, especially if the Continent continues to take gold so greedily.

FOREIGNERS.—The Foreign market remains dull. Neither Paris nor Berlin seems inclined to make any move. The French have been very hard hit both in Mexico and Brazil, and enormous sums have been lost in both countries. It is now stated that the Argentine will discontinue the issue of cédulas. These mortgage bonds are very largely dealt in in Paris, but the price has been steadily falling; there is no doubt that they are well secured on Argentine land. But there is a limit to the absorbing power of the French nation, and the Argentine Government has acted very wisely. The Brazilian exchange has steadied, and as a result Brazilian Fives have hardened; but the public is still inclined to sell. The Budapest loan has risen a point, probably because people realise that it is below the prices quoted in Vienna. Tintos are also harder on the rise in Copper. The whole Foreign market certainly looks healthier, Japanese being one of the few weak exceptions.

HOME RAILS.—The Home Railway market began the week well, and on Tuesday showed signs of an incipient

boom. Everything went up. The fact is, dealers are very short of stock and they are afraid that if the public come in and buy they may be caught out. Now that most of the stocks are quoted *ex dividend* they look remarkably cheap, and this entices the country buyer. Even Underground Electric have been bid for, and Great Western are now recovering rapidly. There is rather bad news from Scotland, the Scotch mine owners having put up a fund of £250,000 for the purpose of fighting the miners in the event of the long-talked-of reduction in wages producing a strike. Perhaps the men will give in peaceably, but the employers do not think that they will. In view of this, I cannot advise the purchase of Scotch Railway stocks.

YANKEES.—The American market has hardened considerably. Both New York and London are short, and the New Haven settlement gave the "bears" a shock. The position of trade in the United States is certainly against any boom in American Rails; but prices are low. Wall Street still continues to discuss the extraordinary "cooking" of the figures in the Chicago and Milwaukee, and the Pennsylvania directors are now accused of the same irregularities. The Wilson Government seem inclined to make things as disagreeable as they possibly can; nevertheless, I think that the present rise is likely to continue for a few days. Even Canadian Pacifics are much better. The *Times* telegram from Canada foreshadows some very stringent legislation in regard to Grand Trunk and Canadian Northern. Both roads require large sums to complete their Trans-Continental routes, and both have asked the Canadian Government to guarantee the interest on the bonds; this gives the Government the opportunity they have been looking for. The matter will not affect Grand Trunk Pacific as seriously as Canadian Northern, as the English road has been well constructed, whereas the Mackenzie and Mann road has been carelessly laid.

RUBBER.—Rubber has hardened to 2s. 6d. a pound, but fine hard cured Para remains at 3s. About 1,000 tons of rubber will have to be sold at the auction, and, if the sale goes well, we may see higher prices. The Chersonese report is fairly satisfactory; the Gula-Kalumpong is also quite as good as can be expected, but Edinburgh reduces its dividend from 45 per cent. to 25 per cent., and Sheldford pays 15 per cent. for the year. Bah Lias and Wampoe are not very satisfactory. On the whole most of the reports that have been issued show a capacity to cut down working costs. Therefore, Rubber shareholders feel easier in their minds, for if costs go down and the price goes up, the present quotations for shares are not unreasonable.

OIL.—The Oil market has been steady, the principal move having been in North Caucasians, which have been bid up to 44s. There is no doubt that this company is now making a handsome profit. Spies have also hardened, and there is some talk of a move being made in New Caucasians; but on the whole the Oil market has been one of the duller in the Stock Exchange.

MINES.—In the Mining market very little business has been done, but the Russian section has improved slightly and the Latilla crowd have been trying to hold up Kirkland Lakes and Tough Oakes. An attempt is being made to put up the Nigerian mines, and Ropps have jumped to over 7. The Cobalt group, however, has been very weak, the combine not being liked by anyone. There is very little business in either Kaffirs or Rhodesians, but the jobbers are short and have been buying back Chartered and Tanganyika. Most of the Copper shares are a shade better, and the Broken Hill group are also hard.

MISCELLANEOUS.—In the Miscellaneous market even Brazil Tractions and Mexico Trams have hardened, and it is stated that there is a big firm interested in supporting

Brazil Tractions. Marconis are a shade harder. Whiteley's show improved profits, but the Waring and Gillow figures disappointed the market. The Savoy Hotel makes a record profit for the year, and this well-managed business may be congratulated. British Aluminium manages to pay a dividend on its ordinary shares. Cammell Laird and Vickers both had good years. Indeed, all the reports that have been issued during the past week may be considered highly satisfactory.

RAYMOND RADCLIFFE.

CORRESPONDENCE

W. R. BOWLES ON THE "CATALOG" OF THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Sir,—On the Catalog of the British Museum, in the Supplement, one finds "Bowles (W. R.). Letters from a Portuguese Nun"; 1808, and again 1817. The Bodleian Library possesses "Elizabeth; or, The Exiles of Siberia. Translated from the French of Madame Cottin, by W. R. Bowles, Esq. With historical, explanatory, and geographical notes. Second Edition. London: Printed for Sherwood, Neely, and Jones, Paternoster-Row. 1815." This edition is not mentioned on the Catalog of the B.M.; nor is Bowles recorded as the translator of this work of Sophie Ristaud there, or in the other editions announced on that of the Bodleian Library. Is there any reason for thinking that there was more than one W. R. Bowles at those dates, known as a translator of Continental books? This note will shew his title to another place on the catalogs for the future. I remain, sir, yours truly,

St. Patricks Day, 1914.

EDWARD S. DODGSON.

SAMUEL GARDINER IN THE DICTIONARY OF NATIONAL BIOGRAPHY.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Sir,—In the "Dictionary of National Biography" we read that Samuel Gardiner flourished in the year 1606, was an angler, and the author of seven books there enumerated, and that "All that is known of him is that he was D.D. and chaplain to Archbishop Abbot." On March 14, 1914, it was my luck to find, and add to the Bodleian Library, a volume of 36, and 411, and vii pages, entitled: "The Devotions of the Dying Man, that desireth to Die well. Devised and divulged by SAMUEL GARDINER Doctor of Divinitie, and Minister of the Church of great St. Peters in Norwich. (Quotations from Revel. 14. 13. and Bernard) London, Printed by Iohn Bill, Printer to the

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Kings most Excellent Maiestie. 1627." It begins with "The Epistle Dedicatory to The Right Honovrable Sir Iohn Svckling Knight, . . . ; And to his Vertuous Wife Iane, Ladie Svckling", to whom "Samuel Gardiner wisheth the blessing of both lives": followed by another "To the Right Worshipful Sir Peter Gleane Knight; and to his vertuous Wife Mawde Lady Gleane," and this by verses from William Rant, Doctor of Medicine; and Mr. Lawrence Howlet, late Minister of Saint Andrewes Parish in Norwich, sent to the Author *four daies before his Death*; and Mr. William Allison, Minister of the Word at Norwich." The words in the Epistle Dedicatory: "The great engagement of my father for more than thirtie yeares together to your Father" point to a long-standing intimacy between the authors family and that of the Sucklings. In the letter to the Gleanes he says: "It remaineth that I give hearty thanks to you both, for the great kindnesse you have shewed me in my native Citie, vnto which I was called a Preacher in the chiefe Parish thereof" ("six yeares" ago). Hence it is clear that, if the Samuel Gardiner, D.D., of St. Peters in Norwich, was the individual commemorated in the D.N.B., we may add this information about him; namely, that he was born in Norwich, held his cure there for six years, wrote at least eight books, and was dead in 1627. These notes will probably draw from the antiquaries and historians of Norwich still further details about him. In the Epistle Dedicatory he tells us that "The Points in this *Portesse* are from the text of Isaiah to Ezechiah." In the great, unfinished, Oxford Dictionary one finds under "Portas" that the same word occurs in the Translators Preface to the English Bible of the year 1611. I remain, sir, yours truly,

EDWARD S. DODGSON.

The Oxford Union Society, Oxford.

LADY FRANCES PENNOYER.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Sir,—In the History of the Rod by the Rev. W. M. Cooper, there are several extracts from the Diary of Lady Frances Pennoyer of Bullingdon Court, Herefordshire. The diary evidently is not genuine and Mr. Cooper does not state when or by whom it was published. Possibly he had it only in manuscript. Can any of your readers give me information about it? Was Lady Frances a real character, while the diary was forged, or is the whole thing fiction? The date of the extracts is 1760, but the diary is often a year wrong. Truly yours,

Royal Dublin Society.

QUERIST.

PREMATURE BURIAL: A REAL PERIL.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Sir,—With reference to the able and instructive article by Dr. Hollander on "Is Death Painless?" may I venture to remark that the question whether death is real or only apparent is much more important? Medical authorities, such as Professor Paul Brouardel, M.D., Lénormand, etc., have shown that it is quite possible for a person to be immured for some time in a closed coffin without being suffocated. The difficulties in the way of exhumation are often ignored by shallow writers, who assume, apparently on the ground that we do not hear of cases of actual premature burial in these islands, that such tragedies never or very rarely happen. How can it be possible to hear of these cases when the needful evidence is legally barred to

us? Not more than two corpses in one hundred thousand are exhumed, the Home Secretary being the only authority, except in certain cases, a coroner, who can order the disinterment of a body. Statements as to the rarity of premature burial are not only unwarranted by the direct evidence available, but are diametrically opposed to the inference which the indirect evidence justifies. We know by numerous well-authenticated cases that living persons may be, and are, mistaken for dead; we know that, unless considerable care be taken, the consequence of such errors must be the burial of persons alive; and we know, moreover, that no care whatever is required by law, nor is care, as a matter of common knowledge, customarily taken to distinguish apparent from real death. A medical certificate is not even legally requisite prior to interment, and some 9,000 burials annually in England and Wales, and a much larger proportion in Scotland and Ireland, take place without it. And when a death certificate is given it is nearly always on the information supplied by relatives or friends, who have had no medical training, and without the doctor taking the trouble to inspect the supposed or alleged corpse, that very possibly may be in a condition of apparent death, from trance, catalepsy, or other forms of suspended animation.

The Association for the Prevention of Premature Burial has a Bill, entitled the "Deaths and Burials Bill," before Parliament every session in order to remedy these glaring and dangerous defects in the law. If any of your readers desire more information on the subject, literature relating to it will be sent free of charge by the writer on receipt of an envelope, stamped and addressed. Thanking you for your kindness. I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

JAS. R. WILLIAMSON.

100, Chedington Road, Upper Edmonton,
London, N., March 17, 1914.

[We insert the above communication, but we must not be supposed to accept the statements in it as accurate.—
ED. ACADEMY.]

PERIODICALS.

Literary Digest; *Knowledge*, 1913; *Constitution Papers*;
La Revue; *Wild Life*; *Lawn Tennis Almanack*, 1914;
Poetry and Drama; *Cambridge University Reporter*;
Irish Review; *L'Action Nationale*; *Revue Bleue*;
Revue Critique; *Publishers' Circular*; *Wednesday Review*.

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